THE OUTPOSTS OF THE FLEET. Page 503.

Contributions by Phyllis Monkman, Louis Tracy, Owen Oliver, Edgar Wallace, etc.

The April

ROYAL

4½ NET

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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N.B.—All the names and characters mentioned in the stories in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are purely imaginary.

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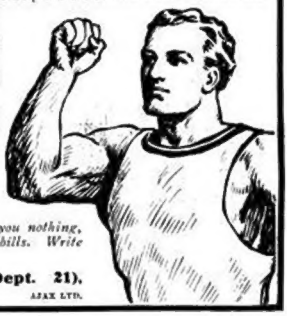

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MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

If you would know something of the language of dancing turn to page 493, where Miss Phyllis Monkman, of the Alhambra Theatre, runs the gamut of the emotions for your benefit, and illustrates them with some most charming poses.

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In this little dance story Miss Phyllis Monkman impersonates a beautiful dancing girl who has been summoned to dance before the King. The Captain of the Guard, her lover, is also present, and there is something more than professional pride in the spirit she puts into the dance.

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Emotions in Motion

By Phyllis Monkman.

Illustrated from Photographs specially taken for The Royal Magazine *by Elwin Neame.*

In this article Miss Phyllis Monkman, of the Alhambra Theatre, one of the most gifted English dancers of to-day, explains the language of dancing, and illustrates what she says by a series of brilliant poses, specially arranged to give scope to her skill in portraying emotions.—Ed. R.M.

What the Editor said to me was:

"I want you to explain the inner idea of dancing, as it were. What I mean is, people see you fling out your arms and drop back your head and go limp, and they say: 'Ah,

Inspired by her love for the Captain the dancing girl lures him on with a touch of abandon——

——and drops into a happy reverie when the King and his Court depart.

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To her dismay the Prince, who is jealous of the Captain, enters and forces his attentions upon her.

that's grief and supplication!' But *why* is it grief and supplication? What makes you interpret those feelings in that way? Why shouldn't it be joy and glee?"

Well, in a way, I can't tell you. Of course I could say haughtily that dancing is an art, and leave it at that, but that would be avoiding the point, or declining battle, as the soldiers say. The real truth of the matter is that a dancer is born, and not made, and although a certain amount of mechanical training is inevitable, no amount of teaching will put into a girl feelings that she doesn't possess. Neither can you express emotions you do not feel.

A clever ballet-master or mistress can, and does, instruct a whole ballet to portray such and such a story or series of emotions by means of various poses and gestures, but that fact does not contradict what I have just said. The ballet-girls are simply imitating the ballet-mistress; if the ballet-mistress could not, by exercising her imagination, evolve the poses and gestures, her pupils would be stranded for want of material; there would be nothing for them to copy.

I suppose, then—for, mind you, it is all an instinct, and goodness knows it is very hard to sum up an instinct and put the result

He proclaims his love, and swears she shall be his, but the dancing girl pours scorn on his wooing.

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The Prince seeks to take her in his arms, but, overcome by fear, she eludes him——

down on paper—the born dancer, when she is asked to arrange a dance representing, say, a slum-child picking its first flower, or a suffragette going to execution, behaves something like this:

She tells herself she is a slum-child, and gets the idea soaked into her brain. She begins to feel miserable, starved, grubby, and unhappy, simply through suggestion. Her body becomes limp and lifeless from a consciousness of starvation and misery. Her very face almost appears lined and haggard.

Then, in imagination, she transports herself to the country among the buttercups. What joy! All the slackness is gone. She gambols about like a lamb in spring-time. Look—there's a flower! Let's pick it! Hurrah!

And there you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

I daresay, having followed me patiently all this way, you will say to yourselves:

"Well, but any juggins can imagine that much—I could myself, for instance."

Agreed, ladies and gentlemen—carried unanimously! But that is only the beginning of the business. One has next, if one is a dancer, to translate this imagination into action.

"Why," said the Editor, with that morbid

——and finally sinks on her knees, imploring him to spare her.

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The Captain arrives on the scene, and, in his fury, kills the Prince. The girl's momentary feeling of horror —

—soon changes to one of love and relief, and she dances a gay dance of reckless triumph.

curiosity editors have, "do you do this for joy and that for grief?"

Heaps of people possess imagination besides dancers—painters and writers, for example—but they cannot dance. On the other hand, they can express their emotions equally well in paint and ink, either by writing a poem about the slum-child or painting a picture of it.

Well, it simply comes to this—a dancer paints a picture, or writes a poem, with her body. There is no use asking her how she does it, any more than there is in asking a painter how he paints or a writer how he writes. The painter had to learn certain things about drawing, and the writer how to wiggle a pen so as to make letters and words, but the rest is just them.

Somebody—I forget who—once wrote a poem containing these lines, as nearly as I remember:

Far off the long horizon lies,
And from it, night and day,
The old ships draw to port again,
The young ships sail away.
And come I may, but go I must,
And if you ask me why,
You must put the blame on the sun, and the stars,
And the white road, and the sky.

It is the same with dancing. When a dancer dances, she just dances; she dances because she can't help dancing, and she dances as she does dance because she just has to dance like that, and in no other way.

In other words, *mesdames*, all we creative artists (ha!) are creatures of our emotions, and we express them according to the particular safety valve Providence has vouchsafed us. The pianist

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Her triumph changes to terrified surprise as the King and his guards enter and see the dead body of the Prince.

plays, the singer sings, the painter paints, and the writer writes. For my part, I dance, and there you are.

Since it is so difficult to tell why this in dancing means grief and that in dancing joy, may I refer you to the illustrations for my philosophy of emotion? (Dear, dear, how the writing habit grows on one! Dr. Johnson might have written that phrase, or George Grossmith.)

There is one matter on which I should like to insist before I bring these few words to a close, and that is, that whatever one portrays in dancing must have a beauty of its own. A dancer should, so to speak, touch nothing she doesn't adorn; we spend our lives gilding refined gold and painting the lily; we extract for you the drama and the beauty from a situation or a phase of life, and leave behind the sordid details that might revolt you and offend your æsthetic sense (Johnson again!).

In support of this statement, may I produce the picture of me stabbing myself? I daresay the sight of an actual suicide after this method might curdle even the hardened and callous. But the dancer refines even the spectacle of violent death; there is no horror, no savagery—just sorrow, pathos, and a harmonious picture.

Perhaps, now that I have told you as nearly as I can all about dancing, you may begin to feel sympathy with the dancer, and realise that her

Despair and horror merge into helpless grief as, by the King's command, her lover is strangled before her eyes.

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work is not a mere matter of supple and carefully exercised arms and legs. You will see that there is a mental side to dancing—that, in fact, one cannot become, shall I say a meritorious dancer, let alone a great one, without taking a great deal of thought, for it is not all muscle.

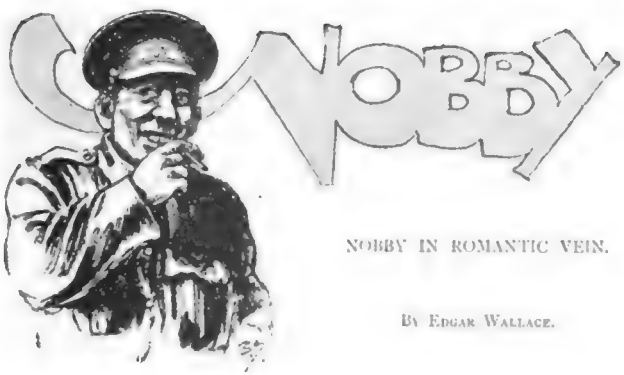
In addition, a dancer must possess personality, and there is no recipe for personality. You will not find it in a cookery book, not yet in one of those strange volumes with titles something like: "Ten Million Things the Average Person Does Not Know. Either one has personality or one has not. It is that mysterious quality which enables an actress or a dancer to get over the footlights, to attract and hold the attention of a theatre full of people—some, perhaps, a little dull, some cross [illegible] after dinner, and some who have seen the piece before and are consequently very critical.

All this means a certain amount of mental as well as physical strain, though the physical strain is not to be despised. I don't know whether you have ever tried to imagine dancing on a hot summer evening in the rather close and tobacco-laden atmosphere of a music-hall. It is a little strenuous, believe me.

I hope you will appreciate the little gory dance story I evolved in order to run the gamut of the emotions for your benefit. And now, in the most approved fashion, I kiss my finger-tips to you, cast up my eyes at the gods in the gallery, and make my exit on the prompt side.

Robbed of her sweetheart she does a pathetic little grief dance over his lifeless body——

——and finally in a frenzy of sorrow and despair, stabs herself to the heart.



NOBBY IN ROMANTIC VEIN.

By Edgar Wallace.

Nobby is almost as handy with the pen as with the sword, and his vivid imagination and romantic tendency are apt to carry him away. How disillusionment followed a very promising romance is delightfully told in the following story.

"Nobby Clark wrote a poem of hate once," said Smithy, "an', as it happened before the war, an' was meant for a feller who'd gone away to join the 2nd Battalion in India owin' him money, it probably gave the German poet the idea which he's got all the credit for.

"Off an' on Nobby's been writin' poems for years an' gen'rally they've been successful.

"Often an' often me an' Nobby has had to come a long way round to camp instead of takin' a short cut through the Wigshires' lines, owin' to some little poem what Nobby writ about the Wigshire Regiment's way of playin' football.

"Nobby used to do verses at the front for some of the chaps. They was verses like:

> Under the starry sky.
> With the shells a burstin' nigh,
> I think of you, my lass so true,
> As in the mud I lie.

"Nobby has always been handy with his pen an' that's probably why he's always in trouble, for as the poet sez, 'the pen is flightier than the sword.'

"After the shockin' an' outrageous behaviour of the Germans who made me an' Nobby an' about 80,000 other fellers walk all the way from Mons to the Marne without givin' us time to change our boots, there follered a long time of trench work when we had plenty of opportunity for receivin' an' writin' letters. An' this wasn't all.

"Lots of people in England, anxious to do somethin' for the soldiers, were sendin' out mufflers, mittens, chocolate, an' cigarettes — which in addition to bein' highly appreciated was very useful.

"It was a bit of luck — what you received, I mean.

"Spud Murphy got 'Pilgrim's Progress' an' a box of Turkish delight. Big Tony White, who had toothache all the way down, got a box of chocolate, but Nobby, who was born with a set of gold soup ladles in his mouth, got a couple of shirts which was both useful an' ornamental, bein' sky-blue in colour and hand-embroidered.

"But it was the note pinned to the shirts that appealed to Nobby who, as I say, was a born poet. This is what it said:

> Whoever you are, whatever you be,
> I've made these shirts with care for thee.
> So, soldier, kindly write to me.
>
> From Lady Gwendoline FitzMalling,
> Knadsley Hall, Knadsley, Kent.

P.S.—Please send the answer inclosed in a letter to my servant Mary Ann Gabbler at above address.

"'I always thought I should get into society,' sez Nobby.

"'She wouldn't have written it if she knew the shirts was comin' to you,' said Spud Murphy. 'She thought they was goin' to

"Nobby held up the shirt for the troops to see. . . . 'It's more like a drawin'-room carpet than a shirt,' sez Spud.

officers—you can tell that by the decorations.'

"'Push off, kill-joy!' sez Nobby. 'Go back to your own bloomin' trench—you're bringin' us bad luck.'

"Certainly the decorations was very fine. When Nobby held up the shirt for the troops to see there was a lion an' a unicorn fightin' for a crown on the chest, a Belgian flag on one sleeve, an' a harp an' a crown on the other.

"'It's more like a drawin'-room carpet than a shirt,' sez Spud.

"'Don't display your ignorance before the young soldiers,' sez Nobby sternly. 'This is a shirt of honour—like you read about. It's the sort of shirt the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Lord Chief Justice wears.'

"'I've never seen one like it,' sez Spud.

"'Poor old Spud!' sez Nobby kindly. 'Havin' spent your life amongst low people who wear cotton shirts, it must be like heaven gettin' into close touch with real class.'

"'I'm goin' to answer that letter,' he sez to me later in the day—'I'll have to make up a real good one.'

"An' he did.

"It started: 'Dear Lady Gwendoline, if you'll excuse the liberty,' and went on:

"'When I received your kind an' welcome letter I was rescuin' a number of comrades from death——'

("'That ain't true,' sez Nobby, 'but they like little realistic an' romantic bits.')

"'My thoughts often turn,' the letter went on, 'to Knadsley Hall, Knadsley, Kent, an' so do the shirts you so kindly sent, which I am wearin' now. How can a lonely soldier who has no friends thank you?'

("'That's romance, too,' sez Nobby.)

"'My history is a sad one,' Nobby wrote. 'Alone in the world—I shall never feel lonely now that I am wearin' your shirts—an orphan, an' my proud spirit crushed by a cruel stepfather. . . .'

"Nobby wrote one of the grandest letters that have ever been written, an' sent it off.

"'I don't suppose she'll write back,' sez Nobby; 'still there have been lots of romantic things happen in the world, an' perhaps . . .'

"She wrote back all right. The letter was brought up to the fire trench one evenin' an' Nobby read it by candle light. I saw him makin' happy faces as he read it, but it wasn't till the next mornin' that he showed it to me.

'Dearest!' sez the letter, 'I have not seen your face, but already I know you! Write to me, oh my heart!

From Lady Gwendoline FitzMalling,
Knadsley Hall, Knadsley, Kent.'

"'This,' sez Nobby, speakin' with great emotion, 'is one of the most romantic things that's ever happened.'

"It made a rare difference to Nobby, that letter. I never saw the answer he sent to it, but one day when we was in the reserve trenches he told me that he was as good as married.

"'Me an' Gwen will always be glad to see you, Smithy,' he sez. 'We'll send the dog-cart down to the station for you, an' you can have your breakfast in bed. In the mornin' I'll be waitin' for you in the rosery, an' we'll have a pipe an' talk over old times.'

"'Yes, me lord,' I sez.

"'Say that again,' sez Nobby, an' I obliged him.

"'I suppose I shall be Lord Clark,' he sez thoughtful. 'Somehow, I always thought I should get on.'

"He had wonderful ideas, had Nobby. He couldn't make up his mind whether he'd breed pigs or horses. We had a long discussion about it one night.

"'I'd breed pigs,' sez Spud Murphy. 'They'll prevent you feelin' lonely.'

"'They'll also remind me of the low people I've had to associate with,' sez Nobby.

"'Don't you ever invite me down to your house,' sez Spud. 'I'm a Socialist.'

"'*Reste tronkill*,' sez Nobby in French.

"Another letter came from the lady—pages an' pages of it, an' Nobby got haughtier than ever.

"Spud Murphy saw the R.A.M.C. orderly at the collectin' station.

"'You might ask your bloke somethin' for us,' he sez. 'We've had a bet an' we want to decide whether Knadsley Hall is a lunatic asylum or a home for chronic drinkers?'

"Ordinarily Nobby would have resented this, but he only smiled superiorly.

"'Pore feller!' he sez; 'such lowness!'

"The R.A.M.C. chap asked his officer, an' the doctor surprised Spud by sayin' that Knadsley Hall was the home of the Earl of

"Spud Murphy saw the R.A.M.C. orderly at the collectin' station. 'You might ask your bloke somethin' for us,' he sez. . . . 'We want to decide whether Knadsley Hall is a lunatic asylum or a home for chronic drinkers?

Knadsley, an' that Lady Gwendoline was his only daughter.

"'Me last hopes gone,' sez Spud bitterly.

"There wasn't a lot of time for confidences an' discussions after that. Von Kluck an' his friends got very busy, an' we spent most of our time countin' the shells that burst over our trench an' shootin' back the infantry attacks that followed.

"The story got out about Nobby an' his lady, an' the amount of attention our line created was truly astoundin'. Every time a shell burst over our trench, the chaps in the other trenches said: 'There goes the heir to Knadsley Hall,' or 'Another empty chair in the House of Lords.'

"Marchin' back through the darkness at night to our billets, fellers of other regiments would come to the side of the road an' ask: 'Is little Lord Faunderoy still alive?' until Nobby began to know what it felt like to be famous.

"'I don't suppose her parents know anythin' about it yet,' sez Nobby one day. 'She's keepin' it dark—you can see that by the way she has her letters addressed to her servant.'

"Nobby gave me an idea how Gwen would break the news.

"The family would be sittin' at breakfast in the parlour one mornin' (accordin' to Nobby), an' Lady Gwen, very pale an' very tall, would get up, an' washin' her hands in the silver rose bowl in the centre of the table, would say:

"'Papa—may I see you in the picture gallery?'

"An' the old lord would say: 'Certainly, child,' an' then she'd throw herself in his arms weepin' and confess the truth.

"'What!' sez the old lord, 'a private soldier—never!'

"'He is a hero, papa,' sobs Lady Gwen.

"'I'll have no heroes in my family,' sez the old lord. 'Go to your room in the north tower—you are no daughter of mine.'

"But by an' by he'd relent, an' the old bells of Knadsley Parish Church would ring out the glad tidin's.'

"'An' then,' sez Nobby, 'I'll turn up one day with me eye in a sling, an' people will take the horses out of the carriage and draw me up to the Hall.'

"'The only bit I believe about that,' sez Spud, 'is that you'll turn up with your eye in a sling—but it will be after you've made your call.'

"There was lots of letters to an' fro, an' I didn't see 'em all. Just before Christmas Nobby had a grand idea.

"'I'll write direct to her,' he sez, 'a very gentlemanly letter that she can show to her people—it'll break the ice,' he sez.

"So one day when the battalion was restin' near Armentieres, Nobby did up a fine letter:

'Dear Friend (it went), weather-worn and scarred by war, water, an' worry, I take my pen in my hand to write to you. As I sit here in the trench writin' on a drum by the light of burstin shells, me mind goes back to the two shirts which I am still wearin'. How can I thank you for your kindness an' how can I thank Mary Ann Gabbler for so kindly givin' you my letters? And how can I thank your dear father the Earl for gettin' the home together, an' how can I thank your mother the Farless for makin' me welcome as I'm sure she will, for she has a beautiful face accordin' to the papers. . . .'

"There was a lot more like this.

"'I mention 'em all,' sez Nobby. 'You can't be too careful. Perhaps her servant knows some of the old Earl's secrets an' will be able to put in a word for me.'

"Accordin' to Nobby, Mary Ann might be in a position to say to the Earl: 'Either Mr. Clark marries Lady Gwen or I tell the story of the Red Room an' all that happened on the fatal night of August 22nd, 1876.'

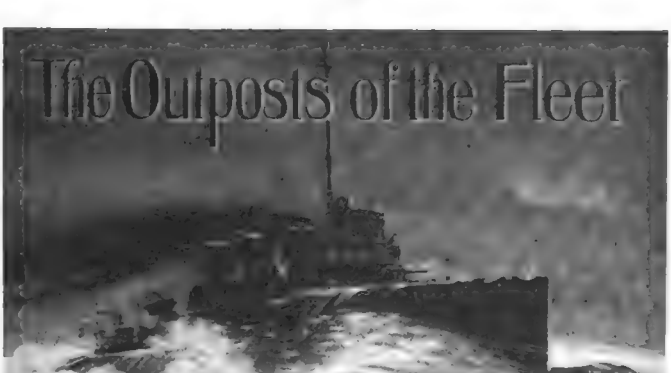
"Nobby hadn't long to wait for an answer. It came one mornin' an' he was very silent. It was two days before he showed me. The letter was short an' written in a different hand to the letters he had been in the habit of receivin':

'Lady Gwendoline FitzMalling presents her compliments to Private Clark and begs to inform him that she is wholly ignorant as to his references re shirts. She gathers that her maid Mary Ann Gabbler, who is a stupid and romantic girl, has been carrying on a correspondence with Private Clark in her (Lady Gwendoline's) name. Mary Ann Gabbler has in consequence been dismissed from her service, and her present address is Poley Court, New Cut, whither Private Clark should address all future correspondence.'

"Nobby was a bit cut up at first, but then he brightened.

"'These what I might term unequal marriages never turn out well,' he sez, 'an' if anybody asks you, Smithy, you might say that I've broke off my engagement—tell 'em me parents objected,' he sez."

(There will be another Nobby story next month. Be sure you don't miss it.)



By J. J. Bennett.

The work done by destroyers, submarines, and aeroplanes is immensely important, and cannot be too highly appreciated. Here is a vivid glimpse into the dangerous and exciting part which these naval scouts play in time of war.

Amongst our naval scouts, none works harder than the destroyers, whose crews live the strenuous life in its intensive form. One does not often see Dreadnoughts on a voyage without a flotilla of destroyers in attendance upon them, looking like a swarm of gnats hovering round a herd of elephants. But in this case the gnat is necessary to the elephant, who relies upon it for warning of impending danger—and for other things.

What exactly is a destroyer? The following figures will give some answer to the question

Second-class cruisers, which are 430 feet long, displace 4,800 tons, and can steam at 26 knots per hour, have engines of about 24,500 horse-power. A destroyer which is but 260 feet long, and displaces under one thousand tons, also has engines of 24,500 horse-power, and can steam at 32 knots (about forty miles) or more per hour.

By cramming a big ship's engine-power into a small, lightly built hull, naval architects have obtained in the destroyer the fastest, handiest kind of warship afloat.

Do not think, because of her small dimensions, there is anything of the toy ship about her. The destroyer is built for serious war work, and she does it with a dash and aplomb which invests her with a fascination that does not encompass the lordliest Dreadnought.

To an enemy she is in very truth the "Terror that Goeth by Night," and to see the destroyer making full use of the waspish energy that palpitates through her, one must be able to watch the vessel on one of her half-scouting, half-raiding expeditions.

A more picturesque spectacle sea warfare has never shown. Spread fan-like ahead of the main fleet is a screen of destroyers, their all-black hulls appearing as mere dots upon the water to the watchers on the towering bridges of the battleships. Except for the colours which flutter from their halyards, everything about the destroyers is of sable hue. Grim they are, grim they look.

On the little circular bridge beside the commanding officer stands a signalman whose telescope is ever directed upon the

flagship. Presently a string of bunting flutters up to the latter's yard-arm. Rapidly the signalman takes in the message and repeats it to the commanding officer. The answering pennant is hoisted on the destroyer's stumpy mast, and, spinning round on her own length, she turns off to obey the orders that have been given her.

Joyfully the skipper, a young lieutenant-commander, telegraphs the engine-room for full speed ahead, for at last the monotony of cruising is being changed for a job that is very much more to the liking of himself and his crew. With them it is dare all to do something. Desperate adventures are just to their taste. Gradually the engines work up full speed—first twenty knots, then twenty-five, then thirty, until in a very short time the vessel is racing along at fully forty miles per hour.

Straight through the waves she goes, not over them. Frothing green seas tumble across her raised forepart and race along her decks, whilst astern she is chased by a great running wall of water far higher than her bulwarks. Her crew, clad in heavy sea-boots and oilskins, must cling to the stanchions to prevent themselves from being swept overboard as they struggle along the deck.

A landsman dropped aboard at this moment would think it time to begin his prayers, if fear had not driven them out of his mind. But the bluejackets will be joking over a situation that is no way a novelty to them.

Meanwhile, daylight is waning, and the longed-for cloak of darkness, under which the destroyer is to deliver her stroke, falls gradually upon the water. Speed is slackening, as the skipper knows that he is near his point, and must go easy for a time. Torpedoes are loaded into the tubes, and the destroyer begins to steal along—no other word correctly describes her movements.

Creeping stealthily onward, black as the now enshrouding night—and as silent—she takes cover wherever possible. Orders are passed in whispers, and the crew fall noiselessly into their fighting stations. A little group of men gathers by each torpedo-tube; everybody listens intently and peers into the darkness with a vision catlike in its keenness. She might be a phantom ship with a phantom crew, so silently does she move.

Presently a dark shape looms ahead. It seems only a denser chunk of blackness, but the destroyer's skipper knows it for the battleship he is in search of. A sharp order, and the destroyer springs to life again. From her searchlight a broad, white beam flashes on to the doomed vessel.

"Yes, that's her! Ready with your tubes!" says the skipper, as he puts the destroyer's helm over and telegraphs "Full speed ahead."

Forward the vessel jumps like a greyhound unleashed—and only just in time. The battleship has seen her and brought her quick-firers into play. "Splash, splash!" go the projectiles into the water, but the elusive destroyer is out of range, and the shells fall harmlessly on the place from which she slipped.

The broad, blazing eyes of the battleship's searchlights now begin to look for her. Up and down along the water sweep their blindingly powerful rays, and the destroyer has to dodge again and again as they fall across her.

Now is the little vessel's seamanship pitted against the heavy ship's gun-power. One blow from the battleship's big guns, and the destroyer would be done for. Upon her nimbleness depends her safety. Circling swiftly round in the wake of her big foe, the destroyer exerts her full engine-power, and comes tearing along within close range of her quarry. All the while guns are spitting viciously at her, but it needs skill to hit lightning, and to the battleship's crew their enemy appears to have the speed of lightning in her heels.

So quick are her movements that the gunners on the big ship grow confused. Remember, they are firing in the darkness, with only searchlights and guesswork to help them find their target. Besides, they do not know whether one destroyer or a dozen is attacking them. When fighting under such conditions, a ship's company soon get "nerves," and begin to shoot wildly.

Broadside on, the destroyer fires a torpedo. The weapon dives into the water and makes a bee-line for the battleship. Everyone beside the emptied tube strains forward to see what will happen.

Disappointment! The battleship has altered her course, and thus escaped being hit. Still the destroyer clings viciously to her. Round and round she goes, until the skipper determines on risking all to win. A quick motion of the wheel brings the destroyer close under the battleship, and "swish" goes another torpedo at her.

Success comes this time. The nose of the torpedo strikes the battleship near the stern, where the plating is thin. Immediately

The destroyer has just fired a torpedo, and the crew strain eagerly forward to see the result. The nose of the torpedo strikes the battleship near the stern, and is followed by a huge flash as the charge of guncotton in the torpedo's war-head explodes.

following the impact there is a huge flash as the charge of guncotton in the torpedo's war-head explodes. Next comes a deafening, rending roar. A big column of water shoots high over the battleship's nettings, and as it sinks down again one can see that half her stern is gone. The torpedo has broken through the side, and the force of the explosion, striking upwards and downwards, has ripped out the bottom as well as all the side plating as far as the deck-line.

Wounded to death by the sting of the ugly little black wasp that came out of the darkness to attack her, the great battleship begins settling by the stern. All at once she lurches heavily, gives one spasmodic roll—her final death throe—and then the sea closes over her. Only a swirling patch of water, in which, amidst a mass of tossing wreckage, men are being mangled to death, marks where, but a few minutes before, a proud warship was floating.

Horrible! Yes, it is horrible, but what would you have in war? As for the destroyer, with her it was a case of my life or thine. Her crew will save whomsoever they can from that angry whirlpool above the vanquished opponent's tomb; then they will go back to their admiral and report an important task successfully accomplished.

So far we have been watching a ship that fought above water—one that met its enemy with a fair and square challenge, that even fought at a big disadvantage in the matter of "weights."

Whatever else may be said against her, the destroyer is an open and courteous opponent as compared with the submarine. The one is a bit of a swashbuckler, the other more like a bravo of the old type.

Some people have very strange notions about the submarine.

They apparently think it a kind of big fish which volunteers to carry men and weapons about under the water. All sorts of marvellous powers are credited to it. Now, although the submarine is certainly a cleverly built machine, it is nothing more. Called a boat for want of a better name, the submarine is really as unlike a boat as anything aquatic well can be.

Look at one out of water. There is the long steel body shaped like a fish with a hump on its back. Inside the body are

engines for propelling the vessel on the surface, and motors for use when she is submerged. Also, there are torpedoes and so much other mechanism that one strange to it all might fancy he was looking into a church clock. Possibly there will be a couple of rising gun mountings as well! There are in the German U boats, and some of our submarines are very much like them.

Carrying some dozen hands, and weighing only about 900 tons, the submarine is yet equal to taking on single-handed, and beating, a 30,000-ton Dreadnought manned by about 1000 officers and men. If there be any odds, they will be on the submarine, not on the Dreadnought. Get this right into your mind, and you will appreciate why the submarine is more feared than any other type of fighting craft. Like an outlaw of the sea, she is shot on sight, for no ship will take chances with her.

VI was lying cosily inshore, and some of her men had just been freshening themselves up with a swim. By the forehatch stood a sailor whistling "Tipperary" and vigorously rubbing his stalwart, tattooed body with a towel that would have scraped a tender-skinned landsman raw. But the sailor enjoyed the friction.

"I feel like forty men," he remarked, as, glowing from head to heel, he tossed the towel towards a messmate and began putting on his uniform.

At the foot of the conning-tower two young officers were dressing after their dip, and light-heartedly discussing what the coming day might bring, whilst on the bridge stood the commanding officer, smoking his pipe and looking towards the horizon. He was a young man with a keen, determined face, quiet-spoken, and with the self-contained air of one who is always working out problems mentally. Close by him was the quartermaster, an alert bluejacket, who saw all without seeming to look at anything.

"We'll be pushing off," said the commanding officer, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the quartermaster, and within a few seconds VI was heading for the sea, leaving a trail of evil-smelling petrol fumes in her wake.

After a while those on deck climbed down into the interior of the boat. The lid of the conning-tower was closed, the hydroplanes tilted, and the vessel sank gradually down until only her periscopes showed above the surface.

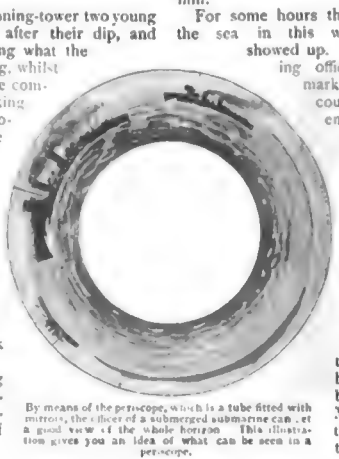
Such of the crew as were at their stations below knew that the vessel had left the surface by the steadiness with which she travelled. The gentle rocking felt whilst the vessel was awash had ceased, for once a submarine is "down," wave-motion no longer affects her.

Diving in a submarine is a curious sensation when first experienced, though after going down once or twice one ceases to notice it. It is somewhat like dropping down a lift and travelling in a tube—something like it, though not exactly, but that is the best explanation one can give of the feeling.

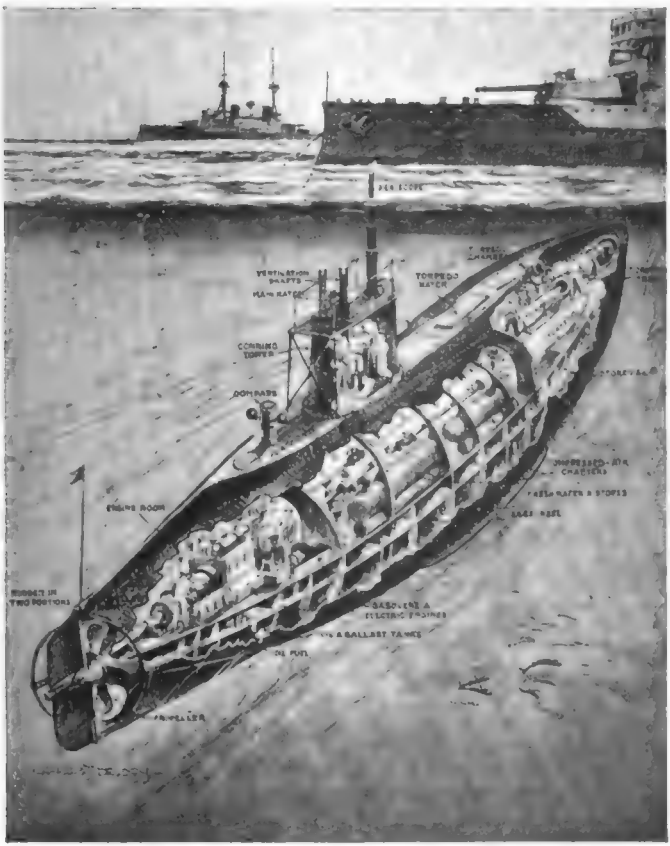
As VI sped rapidly through the water, the commanding officer studied a chart and watched the surface through one of the periscopes. This does not mean that he looked through it telescope fashion, but that he saw reflected in the periscope a picture of the surface of the water for some distance around him.

For some hours the craft swept through the sea in this way until landmarks showed up. Then the commanding officer, having carefully marked off a compass course, submerged her entirely. For the time being she was absolutely blind. Nothing showed on the surface to indicate her presence to an enemy, and nothing of what was passing on the surface could be seen inside VI.

All that she relied upon was her compasses and the skill of her navigator. But the crew had faith in both that was justified by past experience. More than once had they crept into enemy's territory in this insidious



By means of the periscope, which is a tube fitted with mirrors, the officer of a submerged submarine can get a good view of the whole horizon. This illustration gives you an idea of what can be seen in a periscope.



From the drawing by Charles J. de Lacy. *By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."*

A submarine is quite capable of taking on and beating a Dreadnought, and is more feared than any other type of fighting craft. The picture shows a section of a submarine. There is no space wasted on these vessels, and to the land-lubber the amount of machinery looks utterly bewildering.

way and gleaned much valuable knowledge. They knew that presently the periscopes would be pushed up, like a man popping up his head for a quick look round, then quickly dropped again after a rapid survey of the position had been made.

As a reliable sea scout, particularly under certain conditions, the submarine has made a great name for herself. Much will be heard of her exploits in this direction once this war is over—if not before.

VI, however, was not merely out for news.

Like a sportsman walking up partridges, she had come to make a bag. Presently her blind progress came to a temporary end. The vessel eased down, and her periscopes emerged cautiously from the water. Eager eyes watched the circular picture as it gradually formed itself below.

"Look, there is a ship. What is it? A small cruiser? No, a destroyer, and she's coming right across our track."

A quick calculation as to her speed, and it was decided that if V1 moved forward a certain distance it would bring her to striking range of the foe within fifteen minutes, supposing the destroyer held on her course. Down dropped the periscope, the submarine moved forward, then stopped and lay waiting. You may have seen a fish, with its head to stream, lying quite still except for a movement of its fins. A stone thrown into the water, and the fish darted away. So lay V1, waiting for her victim. There was just enough "way" on the boat to keep her in position and enable her to make a quick retreat.

Some few carefully counted minutes of anxious waiting, then the periscope rose cautiously out of the water again. It was all right; the enemy was still coming on, and had not varied her speed.

"Ready there, bow tubes."

One minute more, but such a long, long minute. There is keen excitement amongst the crew as the seconds tick slowly off. As the last one passes there comes a sharp order, and a torpedo jumps from the bow tube. The men at the hydroplanes depress them to keep the vessel from rising when relieved of the weight of the torpedo.

Another quick order, and another torpedo springs out. Once again the vessel is kept down by the hydroplanes until a compensating amount of water has rushed in. Then comes a big agitation of the water, and V1 backs away to safety, knowing that she has bagged her victim.

By way of making certain, the commanding officer takes a peep with his periscopes.

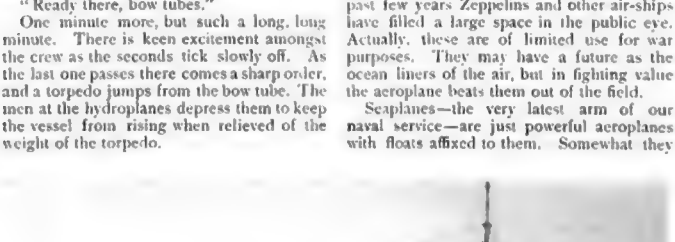
"We got her both times," he announces, and the crew, safe in the soundless depths, give a cheer as the periscope comes under again, and V1, with nothing showing on the surface, crawls out to sea and safety again by aid of her compasses.

When at safe distance she seeks the surface, the skull and cross bones are hoisted on a staff, and V1 speeds off for her home port with the pirate flag proudly flying.

It is a mistake to think that after a submarine has torpedoed an enemy she invites destruction by coming to the surface to gloat over her achievement. She gets away as quickly and as unobtrusively as she can.

The coming of the birdman into the fighting line has given the admiral commanding a fleet one of his most efficient scouts. From his place among the eagles the aerial scout can even detect a submarine when she is invisible to everybody else. During the past few years Zeppelins and other air-ships have filled a large space in the public eye. Actually, these are of limited use for war purposes. They may have a future as the ocean liners of the air, but in fighting value the aeroplane beats them out of the field.

Seaplanes—the very latest arm of our naval service—are just powerful aeroplanes with floats affixed to them. Somewhat they



Engines are used for propelling a submarine on the surface, and motors when she is submerged. Here is the submarine 64 going at full speed.

The dropping of aerial bombs is a more or less haphazard affair, and unless the target is a big one, such as a town or dockyard, it is exceedingly difficult to take aim with any degree of accuracy.

resemble big mechanical aquatic birds, being able both to swim and fly. Seventy odd miles per hour is their speed, and they can keep it up four hours at a stretch.

When a seaplane is sent away scouting, two men go in her—one as pilot, the other as observer. It is the latter who gathers the information, and he has to be well trained in the work, for things wear a curious aspect when you are taking a bird's-eye view of them from hundreds of feet aloft.

Seated in a machine that has the mobility to take them over both land and water, away go the two flying men, rising up here to avoid a menacing gun, sweeping down there to get a better look at something. At one time they are circling in wide sweeps to count a fleet of ships, a quarter-of-an-hour later searching out the position of troops far inland.

Occasionally, snipers' bullets fly whistling round them, whilst now and again there comes an angry shriek, which terminates in a bang as the shell from an anti-aeroplane gun explodes beneath them.

Perhaps they may respond in kind to the welcome that is given them. Down dives the machine, then turns to climb up again. Whilst doing this, she leaves her visiting card —a bomb. Usually this is done more with a view to creating a panic than in the expectation of causing much material damage. We have not yet made the aerial bomb a tremendously destructive weapon, whilst dropping it is a haphazard affair. What is aimed at may be hit. If it be a town or a dockyard the missile is sure to get somewhere on so big a target. But a smaller one, such as a ship, is as likely to be missed as hit.

Watch a duel betwixt a warship and a seaplane. Exerting all her speed, the ship steers the most erratic course she can, so as to prevent the aircraft from getting a good aim at her. Meanwhile, rifles and quick-firers are trying their best to bring down the attacker.

On her part, the seaplane circles, dips, and dodges in her efforts to confuse the hostile gunners and find a sure target herself. Her great object is to get a bomb down the funnels, for this is the way she can most damage the ship. The fight reminds one of a hawk chasing its quarry, and it will very probably end in a draw.

The Story of Two Narrow Shaves.

By H. Mortimer Batten.

It was a ghastly place. It lay directly in their path, and there was no avoiding it.

The two men stood on the narrow shelf and stared, eyes wide open with apprehension. The mountain-side sloped downwards at an angle of 45 degrees. Above them it rose like the roof of a house—a sheer face of ice, dazzlingly brilliant in the light of the Alaskan sun. It was smooth as glass, and down it trickled tiny brooks of water that filled the still air with a sound of bubbling laughter.

Not ten feet below them the frozen mountain-side dropped away suddenly into space. They could see over the edge from where they stood—see into the valley a thousand feet below, where the trees looked like stunted bushes, and a small herd of caribou, moving slowly southwards, appeared as flies upon the landscape.

The two men were roped together. They were shod with spiked ice-boots, and each carried a small prospector's pick. On their backs were bulging packs, which weighed fifty pounds or more, and the rope that connected them was of soft rawhide, purchased from the Indians.

Presently the man who was at the head of the rope dashed the sweat from his eyes and turned to his companion.

"Tarry," he said; "we'll have to cross. We can't go back now we've got this far."

The other nodded. "Tell you what, Ford," he answered, "we were two blamed idiots to come this way. It's worse for you than for me. I'm at the end of the rope, and if I fall, I take you with me. You couldn't hold me on a place like this. There isn't enough foothold for a beetle. Moreover, you're used to this sort of thing. I'm not."

He looked away across the giddy space that lay on their right, and shuddered. Ford said simply: "Come on!" and began to pick at the ice, making himself a foothold.

The holes filled with water directly they were made. The whole mountain-side was of solid ice. The snow had slipped from it under the warmth of the quick Arctic spring—had slipped and hurtled away into space down the cliff, along the very edge of which the two men were now forced to travel.

The surface of the ice was melting rapidly, and the springs that ran down the mountain-slope vanished silently into space by the

same way as the snow had gone. There was nothing for it but to dig each foothold, and trust to their spikes holding them on the wet surface of the ice.

On Ford rested the responsibility. Slowly and with infinite care he cut each stepping space, and planted his feet with a sodden plug. Tarry waited till the ten feet of rope between them was taut; then he followed.

To their left rose the roof-like slope of the glacier. They were travelling diagonally across it. On their right, not twelve feet away, was the drop into space and eternity. Tarry dared not look that way. He was new to the mountains. He had pinned his faith on Ford, and he knew that now, as on many a previous occasion, it was up to Ford to see them through.

Ford would have turned back, for already he had realised that they had tackled something very near the impossible in attempting the Death Gulch Pass this time of the year. The very name of the place betrayed the reputation it possessed.

Twelve days ago a stampede of two thousand men had set out from Minook City on the great rush for Cripple Creek. Every man in that two thousand believed that a fortune awaited those who got there first—every man knew that the distance could be lessened one-third by crossing the Death Gulch Pass, yet only a dozen had attempted it.

Of that dozen ten had dropped out—given up the race as not worth while—and were now well on their way back. Tarry and Ford had stuck to it; they guessed they had left the worst behind them, but guesses are apt to prove incorrect when made in connection with the Alaskan foothills.

The heat was intense, and presently Ford dug his spiked heels into the ice and sat down for a breather.

"Take a spell," he advised his companion, and Tarry turned to do so.

How it happened neither knew. In all probability Tarry's pack caught on a hillock of ice as he turned to sit down, and slewed him sideways.

Ford procured a momentary and horrible vision of his companion, clutching desperately with crooked fingers to obtain a hold of the frozen surface. He saw Tarry slithering on his face, arms outstretched, down the side of the glacier, towards the drop into space and eternity, not six feet below him. Then he heard Tarry's voice:

"*Hold on! For God's sake hold on!*"

Ford's heels were already firmly planted. He had experienced too much of Alaskan mountaineering to loosen his grip upon *terra firma*, even for a moment. Yet that second of suspense seemed like a year.

Down, down went Tarry, his face turning white as the ice even as he fell. He reached the edge of the cliff—his legs, his hips, all but his shoulders vanished over it.

Then came the jolt, the awful crisis for which both men waited. Ford's teeth went together with a snap, then locked like a vice. His heels never budged. He was anchored to the face of the glacier, and Tarry, dangling over a space of one thousand feet, was anchored to him by ten feet of rawhide rope.

"I've got you!" shouted Ford. "Now go steady—inch by inch."

Had Tarry hung directly below it would have facilitated matters, but the rope that held them together was two feet or more out of line. Ford dared scarcely move, lest it should slip, and Tarry lose what little hold he had procured on the edge of the ice.

At length he turned slowly, and got to work with his pick, making fresh footholds above him. There was nothing for it but to drag Tarry up by main force, till he could procure a foothold.

Easier said than done. Ford was a stone or two lighter than his partner, and when the time came for him to climb up, his nerves failed. His legs were already numbed by the weight upon them, and the strain of the day's climb. He simply dared not move his feet lest they should fall together into space.

Slowly he turned his head and looked down at his partner. Tarry was clinging to the ice with naked hands, his knuckles standing out white and scar-like.

"Get hold of the rope and pull yourself up," shouted Ford.

With a feeling of numbed horror he realised that Tarry had lost his pick. He felt the rope tighten, and strained every muscle to withstand the weight thrown upon his hips. Once again he ventured to look round. Tarry had raised himself a foot or so. He had drawn his sheath-knife, evidently to use at the ice, and was carrying it buccaneer fashion between his teeth. His two hands clutched the rope, and he was struggling desperately to drag his lower members over the glassy shelf.

Ford could only wait. He was stooping forward, his beaver cap almost touching the ice, his fingers clutching the rope to ease the weight on his hips.

The minutes came and went. The throbbing in Ford's ears turned to a roar. Once he

felt himself slipping, slashed wildly at the ice, and procured a fresh hold. He could feel Tarry struggling at the end of the rope just below, but dared not look round. Scarcely dared he breathe for fear of losing his foothold. The sweat streaming down his face, got into his eyes. Then came a jerk which all but dislodged him.

"For Heaven's sake, be quick!" shouted Ford. "I can't hold on much longer."

His own voice seemed faint and far away, though he could hear his partner's heavy breathing distinctly enough. Again he ventured to look round, and saw Tarry, knife in hand, lying flat on the ice below him.

"You can't heave me up a foot or so, can you?" asked Tarry. "I haven't another ounce left in me."

Ford attempted the task, only to find his hips cramped and helpless.

"Daren't try," he shouted back. "We should both go down."

Tarry was silent for a moment; then he said:

"Ford, it seems we can't get through together, as we'd hoped. You'll have to go on alone. If you get to Cripple Creek and make good, I know you won't forget the old lady down in 'Frisco. It was for her I came this all-fired trip. She isn't so young as she used to be, and she's a widow."

Ford was subtly conscious that the end was near, though exactly how it was to come about he did not know. Tarry was finished, and the climb that still lay ahead of him was almost a physical impossibility without an ice pick.

"Take a breather, and try again," he shouted. "I can hold on a minute or more."

But Tarry was evidently thinking about the old lady down in 'Frisco. He was dead beat, and anyway he wanted Ford to get through to Cripple Creek, for in that direction lay a fortune. He himself was out of the running: it was up to his partner to see the matter through. He went on:

"I'm clean finished. Haven't the strength to get out, even if I were up where you are. So long, old man."

There was a vibrating buzz as the rope between them parted. Ford fell forward on the face of the glacier, and lay there panting. Tarry slipped down, down, till he vanished giddily into space, the knife that had severed the rope still clutched in his fingers.

II.

Slowly, wearily, Ford picked his way across the face of the glacier, the rope dangling loosely from his hips. He reached the other side, and sat down, his head between his hands.

Tarry was dead.

The fact was overwhelming. The man who had travelled the Yukon trail with him had simply dropped out of life, and did not exist. An appalling sense of loss and loneliness overcame him, but above all he was conscious that Tarry had done it for a reason—that he himself should get through to Cripple Creek and peg out a claim for the old lady next to the recent rich strike.

Ford got up and continued his journey. He passed down the watershed, and had gained the valley ere the short night came on. The whole face of the land was a quagmire, and he made camp on a solid rock, first lighting a fire upon it to warm and dry the ground.

Scarcely had he settled himself when a voice hailed him from out the darkness, and through the gloom loomed the figures of five stalwart prospectors, who were returning from a rush in the White Hills. One of them Ford knew as the sheriff of a small settlement on the American side of the Yukon, and it was this man who strolled first into the firelight.

"Hullo! Ford. Where's your partner?" he inquired eagerly.

"Dead!" Ford answered. "He dropped over the brink of Death Gulch this afternoon."

The men gave a low whistle, and proceeded forthwith to make camp. It was the sheriff who chanced to pick up Ford's rope and examine it.

"I own it was a fool's trip from the very beginning," Ford was saying, glad of someone to talk to. "Tarry and I wouldn't have set out, only we felt sure there was money at the end. The poor boy was terrible keen on getting his old mother down in 'Frisco properly fixed up. Now he's gone under, I guess it's up to me to do what I can for her. Say——"

But at this juncture he was startled to find himself looking into the sheriff's revolver. The latter strolled into the firelight, and held up Ford's rope for the inspection of his companions. When they saw it, a low growl of surprise and anger passed from their lips.

"Guess this is a case for justice while you wait," said the sheriff solemnly. "It's for such quitters as you that we're looking out, Ford. You're about the fifth man this winter who's cut the rope and let his partner

"For Heaven's sake, be quick!" shouted Ford. "I can't hold on much longer." . . . Again he ventured to look round, and saw Tarry, knife in hand, lying flat on the ice below him.

fall. Guess there isn't any getting round this—what?"

For a moment Ford was too nonplussed to answer. He realised that these men suspected him of cutting the rope, and thus allowing Tarry, whom he had struggled so hard to save, to fall to his doom.

"Jerusalem!" he managed to gasp out. "I didn't do that. Tarry cut it himself, I tell you. He was spent and had lost his pick, and, when he found he couldn't procure a foothold, he cut himself loose."

"Which sounds likely," sneered the sheriff. "And, anyway, the position of the cut proves that ain't correct. There must have been at least nine feet of rope between you, and Tarry couldn't have reached up to cut it so near your belt. See, when you turned round to get the knife to work, you'd have to draw in a bit of line, and——" He had fitted on the belt, and now gave a practical illustration which, from the growls of agreement which rose from his fellows, evidently satisfied them as to which of the ropemen had wielded the knife.

Ford saw that his position was an ugly one. He saw, too, that there was no chance of reaching Cripple Creek to secure a fortune for the old lady down in 'Frisco unless he could escape from the hands of these men.

It filled him with desperation to think that Tarry had thrown away his life to no purpose—that, in fact, by doing so he had merely landed his partner in dire straits.

He tried to explain how the accident had occurred, but the men were immovable. More than once he was cried down by a chorus of angry threats. Desertion on the trails was bad enough at any time, but desertion of this sort was particularly vile.

"It isn't to be believed that when he'd climbed up to within four feet of you he'd cut the rope and let himself down," cried the sheriff, while one of the men cut a length from a coil of rawhide, and busied himself in making a noose at one end of it.

Ford saw that his fate was sealed. They had bound his hands, and passed one end of the rope over the limb of an adjacent cotton-wood. In desperation and anger he shouted:

"You pack of howling coyotes! Give me a proper trial, and I'll prove I'm innocent. If you've got the pluck, come back up the gulch with me, and I'll show you where it happened."

At once he was shouted down. The men into whose hands he had fallen stood steadfast by the law of the trails, which says that, whatever may befall, partners must stick together.

Ford knew that it was of no use endeavouring to explain to them that Tarry had done this mainly on account of the old lady down in 'Frisco, and that, finding himself beaten, he had chosen to cut himself free rather than endanger the life of his partner. Even if these men had mothers and sisters of their own, they would not believe such a story, and before he had time to say more he was hoisted up on the shoulders of two of his captors.

Then silence fell, and the sheriff asked whether Ford had anything more to say. He hesitated in answering, and as he hesitated the sound of steps sounded on the glacier cutting which led up to the mountain heights.

III.

After Tarry had severed the rope, and slipped giddily down the wet face of the glacier to disappear over the edge, he dropped merely a matter of ten feet or so. Then he came to rest, jammed feet foremost in a narrow fissure which at this point stood out from the naked face of the cliff.

For some minutes he lay still, too stunned and overcome to realise what had happened. Then with an effort he collected his senses, and shouted to his partner.

Ford, however, was making his way, horrified and breathless, along the face of the glacier, never doubting for a moment that his friend lay dashed to pieces on the rocks a thousand feet below. He never heard the cries as he fought his way to a place of safety, and presently Tarry was brought to the realisation that there was no chance of rescue from an outside source.

Hitherto he had depended upon his partner, but now he knew that he must depend upon himself. The warm sun, streaming against the face of the cliff, seemed to put new life into his limbs. He took in the situation; he noticed that the fissure wound its course up the cliff directly above him. The ice had already thawed out of it, and he saw that, with care, he might be able to climb upwards, and thus gain the brink of the precipice. His knife was still locked in his fingers, and with this he began to hack foot-holds in the half-frozen earth of the fissure.

At this juncture it struck him that there was something curious in the formation and colour of the seam. He fell to examining it, hacking out a sample with his knife, and it was then that a low cry of surprise broke from his lips.

Diligently now, as though possessed of new life, he proceeded to climb upwards. The giddiness had left him; he was obsessed with the one desire to gain the brink. When at length he reached that steep and treacherous slope of ice it seemed to have lost much of its fearsomeness.

Cautiously but quickly he dug out footholds till he had gained the level where Ford had passed. Thence the way was easy going. Ford had already hacked out a path, and he had nothing to do but follow it. In an hour or so he hoped to overtake his partner, and when at length night fell — such night as there is in the Yukon spring—he saw the glimmer of Ford's camp fire at the foot of the glacier cutting below.

It was now that, knowing all to be well, Tarry began to feel his intense weariness. The strain of the day had almost exhausted him. Little did he know how priceless every second was, and once he thought of making a fire and camping where he stood. Then it occurred to him that Ford might be off before he woke, so stiff and weary he plodded on.

Ford saw that his fate was sealed. They had bound his hands, and passed one end of the rope over the limb of an adjacent cottonwood.

As he neared Ford's camp he heard the sound of angry voices, and fearing that something was wrong he hurried ahead. At that moment the men below heard him coming, and paused to listen. The sheriff had just asked whether Ford had anything more to say, and Ford was busy thinking out an adequate answer.

"Yes," he said at length, "you're hanging an innocent man, sheriff, so perhaps you'll do him the favour of carrying out his last will and testament."

"I guess so," answered the sheriff gruffly.

"Then when you've sold my outfit—my

city lot, dog team, sled, rifle, and anything else that seems to be mine, send the proceeds to——" He gave the name and address of an old lady down in 'Frisco.

"That all?" queried the sheriff.

"That's all. If you're sure I'm guilty, haul away."

But at that moment the footsteps sounded so near that instinctively the men paused to listen. As they did so a voice hailed them.

"Say," drawled Ford, "you'd best let me down. That's my partner."

When Tarry appeared and told his story the would-be lynchers fell silent. One of them took down the rope, while the others pulled hard at their pipes, stared at the stars, and shifted their feet uneasily. At length the sheriff plucked up sufficient courage to voice his regret, finally adding:

"Guess we'd better clear out of this, boys. We've near hanged an innocent man, and, somehow, this valley don't seem healthy."

"Try the next," suggested Tarry. "You boys have been out in the woods, and I guess you haven't heard of the Cripple Creek rush. It's the biggest thing as yet this side of the International boundary. You're half-way there already, and can get in first if you stick to the Pass."

In those days of the Yukon it took very little to start a stampede, and the five prospectors, led by the sheriff, lost no time in getting under way towards the new land of promise.

"This is as far as we get this trip," said Tarry when he was again alone with his partner.

"Seems you've had enough, since you send those swipes to get there before us," Ford observed. There was a touch of disappointment in his voice, despite his very natural joy at seeing his partner alive and well.

"Let them go through with it," said Tarry. "There's no need for us to budge another inch till we can get back to Minook in safety."

"How's that?"

Tarry was gazing at the mountain heights, and brooding upon the elusiveness of the treasure which was leading men into the heart of that desolate region.

"Ford," he said at length, "that seam into which I dropped was of mineral formation. It ran down the face of the cliff, showing dull yellow patches here and there. I dug out a sample with my knife; here it is. I should say it's the luckiest strike this side of Dawson."

He handed the sample to his partner. Ford held it to the starlight, though the weight alone was enough to convince him. He saw teats of gold, large as a man's fingertips, standing out from the shining quartz. Then he heaved a sigh of relief, and taking the chart which was to guide them to Cripple Creek, he burnt it slowly over the fire.

"No more fool gold hunting for you and me," he said. "We'll wait till the ice goes out; then we'll stake our claims. Gosh partner, but I'm tired!"

* * * * *

When Tarry and Ford, their pockets stuffed with bills, climbed aboard the last river steamer which was to take them south to San Francisco, they met the sheriff on the gangway. He, too, was going south.

"Get your Cripple Creek claims all right?" asked Ford, a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

The sheriff glanced at him, then looked away quickly.

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I'm leaving them behind for any mug who cares to work them. The country came to nothing—probably because there was never any gold there. It simply fizzled out of record."

FLOWERS TO PHYLLIS.

With roses, in June, do I tempt her,
  In October chrysanthemums too,
Narcissi in season I offer in reason,
  Or lilac and tulips when due
Does love, do you ask, prompt these tributes?
  Nay, romance is (alas!) not for me . . .
It is trade you must know, sir, for I'm a
  greengrocer,
  And a customer, daily, is she!

Sydney Ernest.

MOVING PICTURES

Flittings with the Furniture, Depicted by Leading Humorous Artists.

By Dorothy Rose.

"A Nasty Jar"—the wrath of the householder whose valuable china is outraged, depicted by Mr. Bert Thomas.

Moving, like red hair and drink, seems to run in families. Some people live and die in the ancestral mansion, while others have barely time to nail down the carpets and cut the grass before the "To Let" board once more rears its head.

There are perhaps some removers to whom one's household gods are something more than so much garbage to be removed with the minimum of trouble, but to most of the species a Worcester vase is no more sacred than a pudding basin, and they handle a Sheraton cabinet with the same recklessness as a mangle. There is, indeed, much to be said in favour of moving *en famille*, with a couple of perambulators and all the able-bodied children as transports.

"There's a nice little house to let in Nasturtium Avenue, my dear," says Mr. Popple over the breakfast bacon one day. "What do you say to having a look at it?"

Mrs. Popple has a look at it, with the result that six weeks later a pantechnicon draws up at No. 8 Nasturtium Avenue, attended by three beery-looking

"Taking His Ease"—the favourite occupation of the furniture remover, illustrated by Mr. Reg. E. Smith.

"The [illegible] A moving scene, portrayed by [illegible] Thomas Henry.

gentlemen with baize aprons and question-[illegible]

[illegible] the family carpets are at the [illegible] of the van, and by the time they [illegible] unearthed, the front garden presents the [illegible] appearance of an impromptu rummage [illegible], while the sofa with the bulging [illegible] and torn chintz stands [illegible] unashamed on the pavement in full view of the neighbours prying eyes.

Having dejected two or three chairs, a towel-rail, and several cubic feet of mud on the drawing-room floor, the baize-aprons gentlemen subside on to a feather bed in company with much bottled ale, while Mrs. Popple produces nourishment for herself and family in the shape of a large meat [illegible].

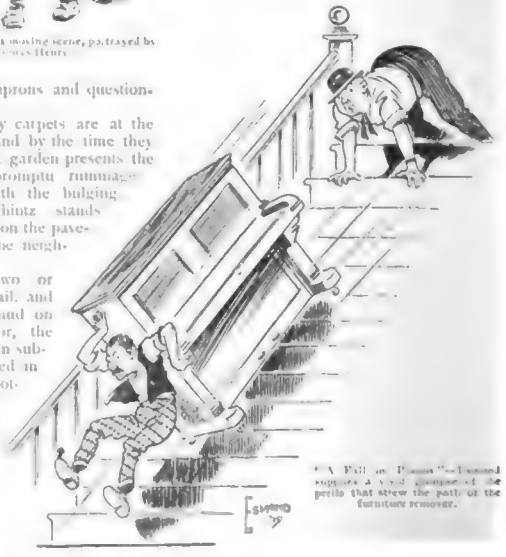
[illegible] happens [illegible] a knife to unearth.

The unhappy and starving little Popples raid the furniture van, while Mrs. Popple endeavours to get reliable information as to the locality of her cutlery from the foreman. Finally, he produces the wood-chopper, which, owing to the nature of the pastry, proves an exceedingly suitable weapon.

Of course, the carpets do not fit, and the gasfittings are awaiting the pleasure of the gas company. Mr. Popple returns from business just in time to find the piano sliding gracefully down the stairs, and the foreman reclining languidly in the best armchair, his hob-nailed boots on a pink silk cushion, while he profanes the atmosphere with ribald song.

Mr. Popple, having dined on bread-and-cheese, volunteers to put up the beds, only to discover that the various pieces have been mixed up into a jig-saw puzzle of the most pronounced type.

Having struggled heroically by the light of one candle for over an hour, he finally solves the problem, while



"A Fall in Pianos" [illegible] suggests a vivid grasp of the perils that strew the path of the furniture remover.

his devoted wife grows hysterical in the attempt to air three feather beds and an array of beer-damped blankets at one oil-stove—the coal not having arrived.

All things come to an end—even moving—and within a few weeks Mrs. Popple is dispensing tea and farthing buns to her new neighbours in her brand-new drawing-room, while her husband scans the papers in search of a "little house in the country, with a conservatory, and a place where I can do a bit of carpentering, my dear."

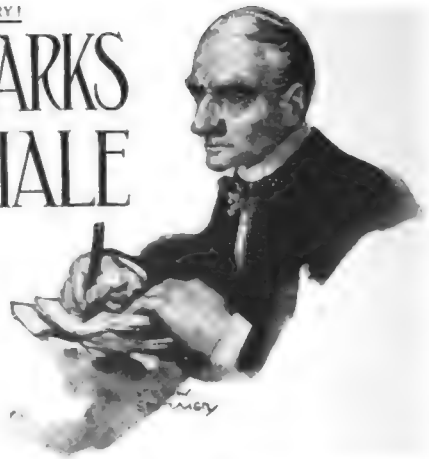
And his wife, who is addicted to pride, smiles benignly, and pictures the discomfiture of "that odious Mrs. Green," when she communicates the tidings that they are moving to a larger house in the country—"standing in its own grounds, and with a real carriage drive!"

"Father Marks Time"—the tragedy of a favourite clock, by Mr. Thompson.

"The Path of Destruction"—Mr. Starr Wood gives us the furniture remover indulging in an outburst of energy, probably caused by copious libations.

ANOTHER THRILLING SPY STORY!

SOME SHARKS And A WHALE



By Louis Tracy.

In the following story Mr. Charles F. Furneaux, of the Criminal Investigation Department, runs to earth another German spy, who was signalling messages to enemy ships. The account of his capture, which was not effected without breathless adventure, and considerable danger to the pursuers, makes an exciting story.

"It's a fine day. Let's go and kill something—or somebody!"

The speaker was Detective-Inspector Charles F. Furneaux, a diminutive personage, well known to the police in the neighbourhood of New Scotland Yard, though regarded as the veriest stranger in Sandborough, that favourite resort of rank and fashion on the north-east coast.

He was breakfasting in the Grand Hotel, but his eyes—those small, dark, brilliant eyes so instinct with life and intelligence—were searching the sunlit waters of the bay which spread its gay panorama far beneath the windows of the hotel.

His companion, Robert Faber, who had recently relinquished an appointment as private secretary to Sir Digby Grant, Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, to take up the more exciting duties of a Government secret service agent during the war, looked up from a morning paper propped against the coffee-pot.

"The only real fault I have to find with you is that you never mean what you say," he growled.

"Even that is not so bad as the inability of some folk to say what they mean," retorted Furneaux. "However, I want you to take me literally this time."

"Have you heard of another nest of spies, then?"

The detective suddenly glanced around with mock horror.

"Sh-s-s-sh!" he whispered. "You musn't mention 'spies.' Our worthy Home Secretary says there aren't any. The harmless individuals we chase are law-abiding British subjects, people who unfortunately happened to be born in Germany or Austria, but corrected that blunder by becoming naturalised since August 3rd. Spies! What in the world is there to spy upon here?"

Again the C.I.D. man turned his gaze to the shimmering expanse of the bay. A fleet of fishing-boats was heading seaward like a cluster of ducks, each craft close-hauled in a steady south-easterly breeze. A few steam drifters, with trawl booms carried aslant, as though a mast had collapsed, swung at anchor in the roads. Near by lay three submarines of the "E" class, looking curiously alert though motionless. Farther out, smoke was rising from the funnels of a magnificent cruiser.

The presence of the Royal Navy struck the only martial note in the scene. All else was peaceful and idyllic. Hundreds of holiday-makers were chartering small boats to row or sail in the direction of the warships.

Considering, however, that Faber had been in imminent danger of his life on the previous evening, and might even have fallen a victim to the well-planned attack of a

good-looking German woman and her chauffeur had he not been rescued in the nick of time by Sir Digby Grant's daughter Evelyn, who, for the nonce, bore a hand in the game, and disguised herself as a motor-cyclist, he grinned at Furneaux and awaited enlightenment.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded. "Another cup of coffee and a roll, and I'm ready for the road."

"I was really wondering what would happen if the periscope of a submarine popped up between that cruiser and her three scouts," mused Furneaux aloud.

"Such a thing might occur easily."

"Far too easily."

"But why shouldn't a British submarine manœuvre in Sandborough Bay?"

"Did I say British? Sorry. I ought to have spoken of an under-water-ship. Then, perhaps, you would understand."

"No German submarine dare show her nose here."

"Correct," was the dry comment. "She would only show her periscope for a few seconds before launching a torpedo that would cost us a million pounds and some hundreds of valuable lives."

Furneaux's tone was unusually earnest. Somehow, Faber thought the little man was voicing no far-fetched theory.

"It seems almost impossible," he muttered, yet he, too, watched the flotilla with a new and unaccountable foreboding. The detective's guesses had a trick of being dramatically verified.

During a few eerie seconds both men appeared to listen for the dull, heavy thud of an explosion. Faber, allowing imagination to run riot, pictured the great cruiser's fore-part lifted bodily out of the water, to be followed by a last plunge into the depths, while the smooth sea became dotted with the heads of some few gallant sailors struggling for life.

Furneaux was the first to recover his poise.

"Don't let's become morbid," he cackled shrilly. "You and I have earned a day off. Couldn't we walk up some of those grouse which, according to Sir Digby, abound on the Armathwaite moors?"

The younger man's face lit with excitement, but he was wary in rising at the fly thrown thus deftly.

"We *could*," he agreed, "but whether we should or not is open to debate. The authorities might cast a cold eye on such a scheme of duty for the day."

"I want to inspect those highlands which your German lady friend was so enthusiastic about. A gun and a dog will make the task interesting. And what better guide to heather-clad landmarks than Sir Digby's head keeper? Perhaps we can persuade Miss Evelyn to accompany us. Let's try, anyhow."

Surprised, but more than willing, since life had been decidedly strenuous during the past few days, Faber hurried through breakfast and the news, and soon had the Rolls-Royce purring at the door. P.C. Baker, a borrowed helper, in plain clothes, of course, was already seated in the tonneau. He, good fellow, was enjoying himself immensely. Real spy-hunting was vastly preferable to patrolling dark and solitary country lanes.

An hour later they were at Armathwaite. Evelyn Grant heard the hum of the car far down the long avenue of elms which led to the house from the South Lodge, and ran to meet them. Even Sir Digby, flustered by the latest war tidings, followed her. The retreat from Mons had just begun, and people at home could not appreciate its true strategic significance. The excellent old gentleman was worried.

"Dad knows nothing about last night," she contrived to murmur, before the slow-moving Lord-Lieutenant came within earshot. "Please don't tell him. He might think I ran some risk."

"He would think quite rightly, too," said Faber. "That wretched woman would have shot you without mercy——"

"If I hadn't whipped out a revolver first. Was she really a dangerous spy?"

"The worst we have tackled yet."

Sir Digby arrived.

"Well," he cried, "anything important?"

"Yes," broke in Furneaux. "I telephoned to the Home Office early this morning, Sir Digby, and you may be called up by the Home Secretary some time to-day. Meanwhile, with your permission, Mr. Faber and I would like to ramble over your moors with a dog and a gun."

"Why is it likely that the Home Secretary may want me?"

"Last night Mr. Faber and I captured a German woman who has been touring the country in a fast car equipped with a portable wireless, capable of communicating with an enemy ship fifty miles at sea and well below the horizon. There may be half-a-dozen similar outfits prowling along the north-east Coast, and I have no doubt the authorities will advise special measures for dealing with them."

Sir Digby was never quite sure whether

or not the little detective treated a Lord-Lieutenant with due respect (there are county magnates in Britain who think that Death himself should whisper his dread summons deferentially), but this news increased his perplexity. In the early days of the German madness it was a difficult thing to convince the Sir Digbys of the British shires that England was literally engaged in a struggle for existence.

"Ah! if that is so," he wheezed, "I shall not stir out of doors. Otherwise I might have gone with you myself."

Evelyn, dutiful daughter though she was, allowed a contemplative eye to dwell on Furneaux, but he met her glance with the impassive phlegm generally attributed to a Pawnee chief. In the next instant he winked at Faber, telegraphing the clear message:

"Never say after this that I didn't do you a good turn when the chance offered."

Sir Digby was not got rid of so easily, however. He was eager for a full budget, and listened with real interest to an account of their overnight adventures. Hence, it was impossible to deny his wish that the luncheon-hour should be advanced somewhat, and preparations made for a prompt start after the meal.

This led to another departure from the prearranged programme. Faber remembered that P.C. Baker had not seen his wife and children during some days, so the policeman was sent to his village in the Rolls-Royce, Sir Digby's chauffeur driving.

These were trivial matters, yet they led to big events. Conceivably, they prevented the loss of a British cruiser and 600 officers and men. Conceivably, too—— But why treat of what might have been?

The arrangements were definite. Furneaux wanted to reach the summit of Swarth Hag, the highest point of moorland for miles around, about half-past six. The shadows of evening would then be falling in the valleys, and each lofty peak would stand out in even greater prominence than when the landscape was steeped in mid-day sunshine. A rough road skirted the base of the hill itself, and the Rolls-Royce was to return by that route, while a second car, which would take the shooting party to the ground, could be handed over to keeper, dogs, and game.

This car was well packed for the outward journey, but four people, a couple of spaniels, gun-cases, and a tea-basket were stowed away comfortably. Faber drove, and Evelyn Grant sat by his side, nursing one of the dogs.

Furneaux eyed her critically as she appeared in the porch, dressed *de rigueur* for the afternoon's sport.

"Miss Grant is one of those rare women who lend a new charm to each change of garb," he whispered in Faber's ear, and smiled when the love-lorn one sighed. Furneaux was old in wisdom. He knew that if a man and a maid wanted to wed it mattered little whether or not social disparity forbade the banns.

"Cheer up!" he chuckled aloud. "This is a free country—at any rate, till the Germans take charge."

"Is Mr. Faber down-hearted, then?" inquired Evelyn gaily.

"Yes."

"But why?"

"I reminded him that although it's a long, long way to Tipperary there may be consolation at the end of the journey."

"I'm not good at riddles," said Evelyn, but, for some reason best known to herself, she cut short the conversation, leapt in beside Faber, and gave her undivided attention to a spaniel.

Faber took the car at a rare pace to a turf-cutter's hut situated on a mere track some mile or more from the road crossing the moor. A short but steep slope shut out of sight the more majestic bulk of Swarth Hag, and the keeper decided to walk the neighbouring heather till tea-time. Afterwards, a half-hour's easy stroll would bring the guns to the summit of the big hill itself.

At first, birds were plentiful, and they had good sport. Furneaux grew very angry because he could not hit anything, whereas Faber rarely missed, and Evelyn twice brought off a right and left. Luckily, when the packs were scattered, and an odd bird rose now and then, the detective was more successful. The experienced hands knew that these stragglers had probably been hard hit earlier, but Furneaux's lore did not extend to the habits of grouse, and no hint of the truth marred his elation.

It was a singular fact that the party tramped nearly a mile in the direction of Swarth Hag after tea without firing a shot, and the summit of the hill was well in view above the middle line of the moor when the keeper's sharp eyes detected the flight of several birds across the intervening hollow. When this had occurred three times, he said vexedly:

"Someone's worrittin' them groose. I should ha' thowt this war 'ud keep thrippers far enough frae t' moors."

Furneaux was on the alert instantly. He might lack skill in the use of a shot-gun, but

he seldom failed in the pursuit of human quarry. At a little distance some ancient British tumuli reared their hummocks above the general level of the ground.

"Let us reach that point without showing ourselves on the sky-line," he said. "I want to know who is disturbing the birds. Meanwhile, let no one fire a shot."

Of course, the spaniels gave a decided point during the next fifty yards, and a number of grouse rose with a scurry almost from under their very feet.

Arrived at the tumuli they crouched in the heather and peered at the ample flank of Swarth Hag. Its prevalent tones were black and purple, black where the shadows fell, purple where the light caught the pollen-laden heather, with here and there a white boulder still bearing the pre-historic scars of the last glacier which flowed that way.

Evelyn was the first to detect a motor-bicycle lying close to a rock.

"Look!" she whispered, forgetting that there was no need for lowering her voice, "how in the world did *that* get there?"

"It was browt there, miss," said Brodie, the keeper. "An', by gum! there's a man alongside it. There is, an' all!"

The old fellow's voice was husky with excitement. He was a keen reader of war news, and some hint of the work done by Faber and "the little chap frae Lunnon" had penetrated into the servants' hall at Armathwaite. There had been talk, too, of unusual lights flashing from the hill-tops between nine and ten o'clock each night of late. Any motor-cyclist who brought a machine across that moor from the road was either a venturesome fool or a determined knave, and Brodie harboured no doubt whatsoever that a German spy was lurking in the heather some three-quarters of a mile away as the crow flies, but a good deal farther for a pedestrian.

"Is there any sort of footpath in that locality?" demanded Furneaux.

"Nowt te reckon on, mister," came the answer. "Folk gan that way te t' top i' summer-time, just te avoid t' bog-holes."

"We must round up that johnnie," said Faber. "It should be easy for the three of us. Miss Grant will stay here with the dogs——"

"Miss Grant will do nothing of the kind," began Evelyn, but Furneaux broke in sharply and incisively.

"You, Mr. Faber, will take Miss Grant and the dogs back to the car, get the engine going, strike the main road, and creep up to the shoulder of this hill. It will take Brodie and me a good thirty minutes to stalk our friend on the other side. Should he be alarmed and make off we'll fire one shot, or, it may be, more, in which case you'll dash ahead until you can see what is going on. It may be necessary for you to cut off his line of retreat, so Miss Grant should not remain in the car. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Faber, and, putting the spaniels in leash, he hurried away with Evelyn. Obviously, if the suspicious visitor to Swarth Hag was a spy, he would probably be armed, and the girl must be kept out of the fray, while the strategic value of the car was far too vital an asset to be disregarded.

But, if man proposes, woman has her own way. Evelyn refused point blank to abandon her place in the car, so Faber decided privately on a plan of his own, and made for the appointed rendezvous as quickly and silently as possible. It was well, in a sense, that he did this. Not thirty, but hardly fifteen minutes had elapsed before a distant shot smote the silence. The car dashed into and over a dip in the road, and Faber saw the motor-cyclist trundling his machine down the slope of Swarth Hag, while Furneaux and Brodie were panting three hundred yards in the rear.

Faber learnt afterwards that the clamour of a pack of grouse, flustered by the stealthy advance of the stalkers, had attracted the man's attention. He examined the country without rising, and had thus discovered his danger. He made off at once. He was well out of range of any shot-gun, and the firmer ground on the side of the hill, as compared with the bog and marsh which forthwith became his pursuers' only available line, more than compensated for the difficulty of manœuvring a heavy machine in the heather.

"For goodness' sake, Evelyn, get out when I slow down!" appealed Faber when it became clear that he could not fail to block the cyclist's path.

"No," she said coolly. "Any risk you take I'll take."

He had anticipated her refusal, and cracked on. By this time the hunted man had seen him, and even halted for a moment to take stock of a new and seemingly desperate situation. He had no hope that the people in the car were merely casual arrivals. The shot, otherwise foolish, was now accounted for. He was nearly, though not quite, surrounded.

Being an active fellow, and in the pink of condition, he might have got away across the moor by abandoning his machine. He was actually contemplating this course when Faber, anxious above all things to keep Evelyn from harm, pulled up the car, sprang out, and ran into the heather, gun in hand. The spy—admittedly he could be none other—edged diagonally towards the road. Faber tore on, keeping easily abreast with him, yet ever closing in. At the right moment the fugitive leapt into the saddle, the engine throbbed like a Gatling gun, and a display of magnificent riding, coupled with extraordinary luck, brought him into the open road, a hundred yards or more clear of his nearest pursuer.

At that moment, when Faber was floundering hopelessly back to the car, which he well knew could never overtake a good motor-cycle in that country, the Rolls-Royce, fully an hour before time, rolled into view over the opposite crest!

The spy assumed that this second car was an enemy, too. He was right in his judgment, though wrong in the grounds on which that judgment was formed. At any rate, he elected to turn and deal with an obstacle guarded only by a woman and a man on foot rather than a big car held by two men. Riding slowly, he whipped out an automatic pistol, and shouted to Faber, still nearly a hundred yards away:

"Stand fast, or I'll shoot the lady!"

Bitterly aware that the gun he carried was useless at the distance, Faber halted irresolutely. Then each heard the clatter of a gear lever. Evelyn was backing the car, so that it blocked the whole width of the road; meanwhile Police-Constable Baker had decided that his services were in urgent demand, and the chauffeur brought the Rolls-Royce along at fifty per.

Cursing in unmistakable German, the motor-cyclist leapt to the ground, took steady aim, and fired at Evelyn. The glass windscreen was shattered to smithereens, and the girl herself vanished. Faber raced through the heather like one possessed, but the spy dealt with him next, and a bullet passed through Faber's clothes between arm and ribs on the left side. Then, for some extraordinary reason, the would-be murderer crumpled up in the road, and the machine fell on the top of him.

Within a few seconds Evelyn, who had only dropped behind the engine when she saw what was coming, Faber and Baker, the latter armed with a pistol, while Faber and the girl held their guns in readiness, approached the prostrate man. He was practising no slim trick, however. He had been badly hit in the right breast, so badly that he nearly died before a doctor could attend to him.

But how? Brodie explained when he arrived, breathless, but triumphant.

"By gum! I put him down like a rabbit, I did, an' all!" he cried. "I thowt he meant mischief, so, as I kem along, I just ran the edge o' me knife roond a cartridge where t' wad is, an' t' shot travelled like a bullet for nigh a hunderd an' fifty yards. Ye can dea that wi' t' right barrel; nivver try it wi' t' left choke, or ye'll burst t' goon. Gosh, I've med a sad mess o' t' poor devil, but what else could I dea? He tried te shoot Miss Evelyn, he did!"

If Brodie's sentiments were mixed, his knowledge of the potentialities of a 12-bore was profound. The spy, none other than the man who had escaped when Steinbaum was killed, was lifted into the car intended for smaller game, and taken to the Cottage Hospital in the nearest county town.

Furneaux, after helping to staunch an ugly wound, turned his attention to such documents as were forthcoming. They were of so harmless a nature that if the stranger had not deliberately tried to murder two people rather than be captured, one might have doubted his guilt. A hasty examination of a kit-bag strapped to the cycle, however, brought to light a small lamp of the searchlight type, and a dynamo with an attachment easily adjusted to the engine. On a zinc plate, too, were scratched the letters of the alphabet and a Morse code.

Furneaux produced a pocket book, and examined a slip of paper.

"I thought as much," he said. "The arrangement is absolutely identical with those found in the Sandborough lady's handbag and in the house with the red blinds. Swarth Hag, too, is marked with a red cross on Steinbaum's map. Evidently some kind friend is anxiously awaiting a message from this point soon after dark. We must trust to luck as to the hour. You understand how to work this contrivance, Mr. Faber?" and he pointed to the lamp.

"Yes. It is simple and effective. A travelling generator and a carbon lamp."

"Well, you and I will have the pleasure of wheeling that cycle to the summit of Swarth Hag. Miss Grant, will you kindly tell Sir Digby that we shall be detained, and send the car back for us? Baker, you must guard

The motor-cyclist leapt to the ground, took steady aim, and fired at Evelyn. The glass wind-screen was shattered to smithereens, and the girl herself vanished. Faber raced through the heather like one possessed.

the road, and stop anyone from interfering with us."

"Brodie will take your message——" began the girl, but Furneaux was ready for her.

"Who will drive Brodie?" he asked.

That settled it, he thought, but Evelyn herself, escorting no less a personage than the Lord-Lieutenant, toiled to the top of Swarth Hag ere night fell! Sir Digby was one of the great army of people to whom seeing is believing. He could now see for himself the actual means of signalling, and, when visibility for a flashlight was well established, he saw the signals in operation.

Faber had already concocted and coded a full-blooded announcement. He and Furneaux agreed that simplicity and clearness would be the essentials of all spy communications, so, at half-past eight exactly, the lamp sent forth one long and powerful beam seaward. The North Sea was five miles distant, and a slight haze obscured the horizon, but no sooner had the detective released the contact key than an answering gleam came from the void.

Sir Digby muttered something, and breathed heavily. So, then, the enemy was there, nearer than York or Malton, lurking in the shadows off our own coast! But Furneaux was busy now. Faber read, and the detective operated, and this is the message they sent:

"To-night's rendezvous unknown. To-morrow midnight destroyer patrol and cruiser escort assemble Cliffby bay. Sailing north at 1 a.m. All displaying fishing-smack lights. Interior position desperate. Mob clamouring for peace and refusing to join army."

A distant flash noted the end, and hills and sea were wrapped in gloom again.

"Now," chuckled Furneaux, "we make for Sandborough and try to get hold of our high-toned ally, the Lieutenant-Commander, to-night. Whether that eye out there is watching for naval or military intelligence, we have supplied both."

They left the cycle and lamp on the hill, whence they were brought by Brodie and the chauffeur next morning. On the road they found Baker in charge of the Rolls-Royce. He had seen nothing. The lamp was contrived in such wise that, when held level, the lower rim cut the coast-line.

Sir Digby and his daughter were not to be shaken off at Armathwaite. They were keen on the hunt now, and it was with a somewhat sarcastic smile that the detective heard the Lord-Lieutenant assuring the R.N. officer that there could be no doubting the daring and resource of German emissaries in Great Britain.

Cliffby slept soundly the following night, but was roused at dawn by a great to-do, gun-firing and what not in the bay. People rushed in thousands to the front, but were only in time to see a huge cruiser and four destroyers steaming leisurely away towards the Tees.

Everybody was greatly disappointed. They expected, even hoped, to witness a naval battle such as their great grandfathers had watched throughout a long summer's day when Paul Jones fought a King's ship all along the Yorkshire coast.

"Only a bit of gun-practice for reservists," grumbled the crowd. "Why can't a few Germans show up and give us a little of the real thing?"

But enlightenment came when fishermen found patches of oil floating in the roadstead, and the next tide brought wreckage ashore, wreckage bearing curious marks, and portions of such words as *fabrik* and *gesellschaft*.

A small group of five, who had hurried from an hotel on the front at the sound of the first gun, guessed what was really happening. Their surmises were confirmed when a coast-guard brought a semaphore message to Faber.

"Got two," it ran. "Kindly arrange another picnic on similar lines."

In effect, two German submarines would never again enter a German port. Just how they were compelled to rise from the bottom of the sea is a secret at present known only to the officers and men of the Royal Navy.

"I am puzzled to understand why you paid such a timely visit to Swarth Hag the day before yesterday," said Sir Digby, looking at the little detective with an air of complete bewilderment.

"At times like these one has to project one's intelligence into the mind of the enemy," replied Furneaux. "You have only to ask yourself: 'If I were in Germany, and endeavouring to help the British Fleet, what would I do?' Reverse the procedure, and there you are. It is an easy mental exercise."

The portly Lord-Lieutenant glanced at the diminutive representative of Scotland Yard as a bull might examine a bit of red rag dancing in the wind. He never knew how to take the flippant little man, but he was beginning to respect him immensely.

(Next month the great Scotland Yard detective makes another exciting capture, the story of which will hold you from start to finish.)

"FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND"

By
GLADYS L. GUNN.

In this country there is plenty of admiration for the Indian troops but very little actual knowledge of them. The following article will go far to remedy this defect, and help to a more intimate understanding of the lives and habits of the various races.

THERE was great jubilation in India when the news spread through the Bazaars that an Expeditionary Force was to be sent to France, and crowds of old native officers—Sikhs, Rajputs, Pathans, Ghurkas, many of them with medals and decorations, hurried into the cantonments in order to lay their swords at the feet of the commanding officer, and beg and pray that though they were themselves too old to be of any use, their sons and grandsons might not be forgotten when the expedition started.

The Sikhs.

The Sikhs, of course, have been fighters from time immemorial, and have taken their full share with us in many a fierce battle in Asia and Africa in days gone by.

Of the many acts of bravery and stubborn pluck told of the Sikh regiments when in action, one tragic episode always stands out above all others.

It happened some fifteen years ago, when the Tirah campaign was on, and the whole frontier was in a blaze of rebellion and unrest.

It was up on the bleak Samana ridge, a place of desolation, of bare mountains where hardly a blade of grass would grow, and often for days together enveloped in icy swirling mists, and sleet that bit into the very bones and made the handling of rifles a feat of difficulty. There stood a small high-walled fort, the picket post of Saragurhi, garrisoned only by twenty-one Sikhs.

One evening in the gathering gloom of the short hill twilight the sentry, pacing to and fro with monotonous step, caught sight of something that seemed to him to move in a suspicious manner away down on the hill-side.

Suddenly, with a cry of alarm, he shouted to his companions. The next moment the Pit itself seemed to have broken loose.

The crack of rifles, the blood-curdling yells and howls of the attacking Afghans who had crept up the hill-sides in tremendous numbers, mingled with the imprecations of the furious Sikhs.

All round the fort the fight grew fiercer and still fiercer. Night fell, and the dense darkness increased the difficulties and horrors of the defenders, but for six long hours the little band of intrepid Sikhs held the walls, beating back the yelling hordes outside, time after time.

Ammunition they had in plenty, but human endurance has a limit, and gradually the Afghans wore them down, till bit by bit the walls, pitted and riddled by bullets, crumbled and fell, and at last only one Sikh of that gallant band was left alive.

Wounded, bleeding, and exhausted as he was, he still fought on, defending the guard-room door, while piles of the giant Afghans lay dead around him.

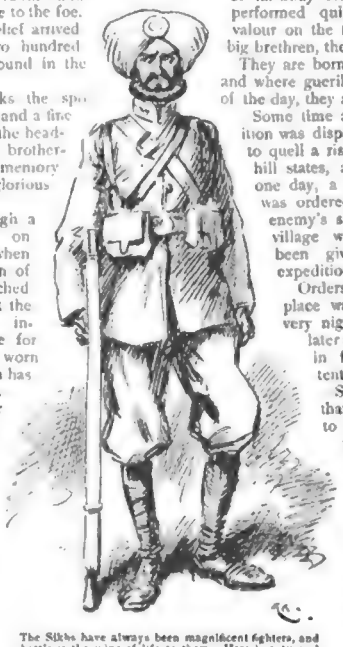
At last a huge jet of flame bellied out behind him—the enemy creeping round, had set fire to the guard-room—and so he perished, his face to the foe.

Afterwards, when relief arrived—alas! too late—two hundred dead Afghans were found in the remains of the fort.

A cairn now marks the spot where the post stood, and a fine memorial at Amritsar, the headquarters of the Sikh brotherhood, keeps alive the memory of that tragic but glorious deed.

All Sikhs go through a form of "initiation" on reaching manhood, when the warrior designation of *singh* or lion is attached to their names, and at the same time they are instructed how to care for their *kes*, the long hair worn by all Sikhs, and which has to be combed twice a day, and never dyed or cut. Also they are strictly forbidden to touch tobacco, hence the refusal of the Sikhs, when they landed at Marseilles with the Indian Expeditionary Force, to take the cigarettes showered on them by the people as they marched from the docks.

Sikhs never touch beef. The word is never so much as mentioned by them, for the cow, being considered the favourite animal of God, is tremendously venerated. Neither do they buy mutton in the bazaars or from the wandering hawkers of the stringy Indian sheep; all flesh that is eaten by Sikhs has to be killed by a Sikh, and in a particular manner, the head of the animal having to be severed from its body by a single stroke of a sword.



The Sikhs have always been magnificent fighters, and battle is the wine of life to them. Here is a typical warrior of that redoubtable race whose sons are adding to their laurels on the battlefields of Europe.

The Ghurkas.

The Ghurka is the exact opposite of his Sikh comrade in arms.

Sturdy and squat in build, short in stature—many of the men measuring only 4 feet 10 inches in height—distinctly Mongolian in feature, often bandy-legged, the little green-uniformed warriors who hail from the hills of far-away Nepal have nevertheless performed quite as many deeds of valour on the field of battle as their big brethren, the Sikhs.

They are born hunters and stalkers, and where guerilla warfare is the order of the day, they are without rivals.

Some time ago, a punitive expedition was dispatched by Government to quell a rising in one of the small hill states, and during operations one day, a company of Ghurkas was ordered to attack one of the enemy's strongholds—a fortified village whose inhabitants had been giving trouble to the expedition.

Orders were issued that the place was to be attacked that very night. A few moments later a native officer appeared in front of his captain's tent.

Saluting, he announced that he had a suggestion to make, and for some time the sound of much excited whispering went on inside the tent, till at last the little green-coated warrior emerged with a grin on his face that reached from ear to ear. Unconsciously, also, his hand kept wandering to his right side where his trusty *kukri* (two-foot knife

An incident in the Tirah campaign, when a band of twenty-one Sikhs held a fort for six hours against a horde of Afghans. At last only one Sikh remained, and he still fought on until the enemy fired the guard-room, and he perished fighting to the last.

of the Ghurkas) hung Dusk fell at last, and the jungles were enveloped in the dense blackness of an Indian night, lit only here and there by tiny sparks of flame, where the troops were busy cooking their meal of curry and *chappaties*.

Suddenly, part of the thicket near the camp appeared to rise, move rapidly away, and melt silently into the darkness.

This was the brilliant suggestion that had caused the smile to appear on the face of the native officer, for on leaving the captain's tent he had immediately issued orders to his men to speed into the jungle, and, without noise, to collect quantities of leaves and brushwood.

Half-an-hour later, the whole company, covered from head to foot in a marvellous casing of greenery, crept away towards the enemy's stronghold.

Suddenly they halted; their keen ears, trained to every sound, had caught the crackle of dry branches somewhere in front.

The sound of hoarse whispers and the tramp of naked feet could now be plainly heard, and the next moment a small body of the enemy, evidently out on a reconnoitring expedition, scrambled through the scrub, almost into the very arms of the hidden Ghurkas.

What exactly happened then no one knows, and the *kukris* will never tell, but the whole jungle suddenly rippled, and to the terrified enemy, men appeared to fall bodily upon them from every side.

There may have been the faint sound of a gasp or a gurgle—nothing more—but five minutes later twenty of the enemy lay dead in the undergrowth, wallowing in their life blood, while the Ghurkas, grinning silently, wiped their *kukris*, and once more continued their march.

An amusing yarn about the Ghurkas during the Thibetan War is worth recording:

The enemy had planted themselves in a fort at the top of a tremendously high hill, not only well defended by sangars of big stones all ready to roll down upon our troops, but half-way up, by a huge wall.

Undeterred by the continuous sniping of

The gallant little Ghurkas take to the bagpipes like ducks to water, and love nothing better than to imitate the pipers of the Scottish regiments.

the weirdly-clad Thibetan soldiery, our troops, composed of a British regiment, Ghurkas, and Pioneers, at last scrambled, panting and weary, on to a small plateau, where a halt was called to give the men a much needed rest.

All at once, as so often happens in those regions, a dense mist swept down upon the hills, completely blotting out the landscape.

The Thibetans were immensely delighted, and promptly stacking their arms, squatted down in little groups to enjoy a chat, feeling quite sure in their own minds that the accursed English below in the valley would have to remain where they were—stuck fast till the mist chose to clear off.

But the duffle-clad warriors had reckoned without the sharp eyes and compasses of the officer-sahibs, who passed word round that the troops were to advance immediately and noiselessly up the hill towards the fort.

The next moment, creeping, scrambling, crawling, the whole force set out.

The way was terribly steep and full of loose boulders, the top seemed miles off, when suddenly the Ghurkas, who were in the middle, ran straight up against the high stone wall.

In the twinkling of an eye, the little green-coated men were up the side and over the top—the trusty *kukrus* with them.

Then it happened that the Thibetan warriors on the far side of that wall got the surprise of their lives, for the swirling mist around them appeared literally to rain fierce-eyed little devils upon them.

On they came, scrambling and leaping, till suddenly the Thibetans, realising that by some miracle their enemies had stolen a march upon them, fled with blood-curdling howls to the protection of their fort.

They started, however, just a few seconds too late; already many lay gasping their last upon the stony ground.

The din and confusion increased; in vain did the officers attempt to call off their men, but it was of no avail.

* * * *

Ghurkas, like all Highlanders, have taken to the bagpipes like ducks to the water, and it is a fine thing to hear them, when a regiment is on the march, winding through the hills with the pipes skirling high and clear, and the little squat men swaggering along with their ribbons flying in the breeze, in exact imitation of their good friends, the pipers of the Scottish regiments.

It is a common saying that the Ghurka will not tolerate liberties from any English Tommy, but the men from the Scottish Regiments, in his eyes, can do no wrong.

Ghurkas are, of course, Hindoos, and therefore under the caste system, any flagrant infringement of which is heavily punished, especially in their own country of Nepal—though lavish offerings of sweetmeats and money to the nearest temple can work wonders in the way of pardon from the offended deity!

The Pathans.

Hillmen and fighting men, born and bred, yet of a totally different stamp, are the Pathans (pronounced "pa-*lahn*"), Baluchis, and Afghans who hail from the north-west frontiers of India.

Unlike the gay-spirited Ghurka, they are fierce and often vindictive, and easily roused to anger that never rests till blood has flowed. At the same time they make excellent soldiers, especially in those bleak regions up north, where the biting cold and trying climate are generally so unsuitable to other native troops.

The Colonel of a Pathan regiment, quartered in a small station near the frontier, once possessed a charger that was to him as the apple of his eye, and which was looked after by the most trustworthy of horse-keepers, who even slept in the stall with the animal, for the border was close, and horse-thieves were nearly as common as the eagles that swooped over the compounds at feeding-time.

One fine morning, however, there was consternation in the whole station, for the Colonel Sahib's charger had gone—melted away from his stable without leaving so much as a hoof mark by which to trace him.

Later it leaked out that a certain particularly "nutcut" (wicked) sepoy had deserted that same morning, taking with him his rifle and fleeing into the bleak country beyond the frontier.

Days passed, but no news could be heard of the missing horse, and the Colonel had nearly given up hope—for when once horses get safely over the border they generally melt into thin air as far as their late owners are concerned—when early one morning the Colonel's orderly came and asked for three days' leave.

This was granted, but still the man hung about as though something were on his mind, till he saw the Colonel leave the orderly-room for his own bungalow, and then he followed him.

"Sahib!" he blurted out breathlessly, "Sahib, that 'Bownoo' (Browning) pistol that thou hast—if it might be permitted that this worthless one might have it but for three days?"

The Colonel looked astonished, as well he might.

"Afzul Khan, thou knowest well enough that thou hast been giving trouble in the regiment lately, as well as Hyat Khan (the deserting sepoy), and now I am to listen to this madman's request for a pistol! Knowest not the proverb of thine own people: 'Trust a Brahmin before a snake, and a snake before a Pathan'?"

"Sahib!" the orderly broke in, "I have three days' leave, from to-day. By the beard of the Prophet, the 'Bownoo' shall be returned to thee at the third setting of the sun."

Now, the Colonel, through much living amongst them, knew the ways of Pathans and understood enough not to ask any further questions. Somewhat against his own feelings he handed over the pistol to the orderly.

On the third evening, a tall man, weary and caked with dust, leading a gaunt, foot-sore horse, made his way to the Mess House.

The Colonel, just back from polo, looked up, and his eyes nearly fell out of his head with surprise.

The man and horse were no other than his orderly, Afzul Khan, and his lost charger.

The man saluted.

"Sahib, I had trouble on the way, therefore the third sun has set, but here is the 'Bownoo'"—handing back the pistol. "And this"—pointing to the tired horse—"I

The Pathans are fierce and vindictive, as was Afzul Khan, who, rescuing his colonel's stolen horse from a deserter, wiped out a long-standing blood feud with the thief by severing his head, which he brought back in triumph in a dirty bundle.

found near the camping place of that thrice-accursed Hyat Khan. There was a long-standing blood feud between us, Sahib—his brother stole my wife—but now—it is finished!"

The Pathan slowly untied a dirty bundle he carried and let the contents roll upon the ground.

It was the severed head of Hyat Khan, Sepoy.

The Mountain Gunners.

It is a common saying in India that where a lizard can find a foothold on the side of a crag, there also may a mountain battery travel in safety.

The extraordinary surefootedness of the mules that carry the guns in sections on their backs is nothing short of a miracle to the onlooker.

Waggling their long ears, the animals will walk along the narrowest ledge of rock with the utmost unconcern, and pause in the middle to knock off a fly with a hind leg, but let them ever get the idea into their heads that they wish to go another road, and it is almost beyond the powers of heaven and earth to dissuade them.

There was once a famous mule who rejoiced in the name of Jerusalem the Golden, and who was commonly reputed to be thirty years old, though in looks he was as gay as the greenest mule in the whole battery, and, amongst other tricks, his *drabhi* (driver) taught him to lie down when being shod.

This trick was tremendously admired, till one day when on the march up a particularly trying road, Jerusalem, who was leading, stopped suddenly, and with a loud grunt lay down full length in the middle of the road.

His *drabhi* loudly cursed the mule's ancestors to the tenth generation, punctuating his remarks with violent thwacks from a stick, but still the animal refused to budge an inch.

The officer-sahibs were raging at the delay, when suddenly an inspiration seized the *drabhi*, and, bending down, he examined the hoofs of the recumbent sinner.

"*Arrè*, Sahib!" he wailed, "this thrice-accursed son of Eblis hath cast a shoe—therefore he will not move till a new one be fitted on."

"Then, in heaven's name, send quickly for the smith!" roared the Colonel, stamping up and down the road in a great rage.

Half-an-hour later, Jerusalem, now supplied with a shining new shoe, arose and shook the dust off, snatched a mouthful of grass from the side of the road, and once more, with ears waggling, permitted the battery to resume the march, deaf to the furious threats of his exasperated *drabhi*, of what lay in store for him when he reached the next camp ground.

On Service.

Many people, one imagines, will envy the simplicity of the native soldier's wants when on active service.

Three large stones, or bricks if he can find them, do duty for his kitchen range—or if the stones are not forthcoming a hole dug in the ground and walled round with mud—and on this primitive but highly efficacious stove he cooks his daily food, consisting of curry, highly spiced, and the ubiquitous *chaptati*, a large flat cake made with coarse flour and water, and baked on a piece of tin laid on the fire.

Natives have proverbially fine teeth, yet a tooth-brush is an unknown quantity to them. A sepoy merely walks up to the nearest tree and cuts off a small thick branch, which he proceeds to fray out at one end between a couple of stones, and when the brush has been used he throws it away.

Their shaving arrangements are equally simple; no soap is ever used to lather the face, merely a little water, and the regimental barber employs the palm of his own hand as a strop!

The men's cooking pots, made of brass and called *lotahs*, of which each soldier possesses perhaps two, are always kept most scrupulously clean, and carefully washed after each meal and polished with a handful of earth or sand. Knives and forks they possess not—even to manipulate the messy curry—fingers being considered quite sufficient.

DO YOU WANT A MONEY PRIZE?
If so, turn to page 575
and enter for our
Great Picture Puzzle Competition.

DIANA OF THE DREAM.

How It Came True.

By Armiger Barclay.

Paul Haringay did not look the sort of man to suffer from any form of imaginative weakness. He was strong and healthy, ate well, usually slept well, had no worries, rode fairly hard, and was certainly not in love. In addition, he had reached the reasonable age of thirty.

"Are dreams in your line?" he asked his friend Hoadley.

Cyprian Hoadley was one of the most brilliant of the rising generation of young surgeons. A recent successful operation on an unsuccessful royal personage had brought him distinction.

"Well, I can't operate on 'em," he answered with a smile, "but I might be able to emulate Joseph and interpret them if I tried."

"Until last year," said Haringay, "I hardly ever dreamt at all. When I did, it was always something sensible, something one could account for, like putting my foot in a rabbit-hole, or reeling in a fat five-pounder, but this—well, it's clean beyond me."

"Don't generalise. Describe it," said Hoadley.

"There's not much to describe. It's the effect it has on me. If I've dreamt it once I've dreamt it twenty times during the last six months. Always the same hunting country, same pack, same horse, and same girl. But it all centres round the girl. The dream begins where we're all waiting for hounds to find. I've never seen the spot in real life. It's very green, and in the distance is a long, low, dilapidated, white house."

"Sounds like Ireland."

"Does it? Makes it more of a coincidence, considering I'm off there to-morrow—Roscommon. I ran across

Danny Meehan, quite by chance, in Burlington Street, the other day. Haven't seen him since we left St. Mary's. He breeds bloodstock, he told me, in a small way at a place called Talblane. Asked me over for a couple of weeks' hunting. I've never hunted in Ireland. Where was I when you interrupted?"

"Waiting for hounds to find," prompted Hoadley. He was getting mildly interested in what he would have called a harmless case of psychological derangement.

"That's it. Well, just as their music begins, a girl on a black horse with a white star on its forehead rides up to me. She's simply delightful to look at, and her bright hair under a bowler looks like a jolly fire in a grate."

"Rum simile, what?"

"Well, I'm not a poet. It's flaming hair, anyway, without any of that carroty red about it. When I see her my heart begins pounding in the most extraordinary way. No real woman has ever had that effect on me.

"'I'll give you a lead!' she sings out, as if she'd known me all her life, and away she sails over a stone wall, and I follow her without being able to help it. I could describe every jump, every bit of grass and plough we go over. She rides like an angel. She knows every inch of the country and everything about a fox. Whether hounds kill or run to earth I'm never very sure, because the dream changes quite suddenly. It's the end of the day. We're going home together, walking our horses through the darkening lanes. We're not talking. There isn't any need for it. It's quite perfect as it is. But behind it—in my inner consciousness, so to speak—there is a sort of sadness, a knowledge that I might have lost, or may never find her. I don't know which it is. That's all."

"And then you wake up?"

"Then I wake up," Haringay said soberly. "And whenever I dream it the world feels empty for about a week after, because I want to find the girl, and can't. You see, she's the one-woman-who-matters-in-the-world, and apparently she's only a dream. What shall I do?"

Hoadley laughed. "Fall in love with a flesh and blood being, and the dream'll fade," he advised materialistically. "Don't go groping about for a shadowy Diana. All the same, if you ever do meet her, let me know. Well, you're sure to have good sport at Meehan's. Remember me to him."

"I will." Haringay got up. "So you can't give me a trap to catch my dream in?"

"'Fraid not. Good-night, old man. Don't indulge in late, indigestible suppers and you'll be all right."

They shook hands. Hoadley made some parting jest about Haringay's Diana of the dream, and the latter went off.

His sleep that night was dreamless and undisturbed. Next day he crossed from Holyhead to Kingstown, slept again peacefully in Dublin, and reached Talblane early the following afternoon. The haunting effect of his dream had, in fact, worn off by the time Meehan met him, nor did it recur during the fast four-mile drive in an "outside" car to the long, low white house where Danny Meehan lived. Instantly, Haringay recognised it as the one he had seen in his dream. He felt suddenly alert, his nerves taut. He found himself wondering whether he were going to find the dream-girl within those walls, waiting for him.

"Have you any sisters, Danny?" he asked, when the car was going over a tolerably even stretch of road, and speech became possible.

"I have not," answered Danny. "There's only me aunt," he added. "She lives with me. Ye'll meet her."

"Does she ride?"

"She rides like the old man himself," responded the lady's nephew.

Diana! Diana at last!

"Surely she's very young for an aunt?" proceeded Haringay.

Danny turned and regarded his old schoolfriend with some surprise.

"Why so? She's no younger than she should be."

"Has she love—has she very wonderful hair, all brown and gold?" was Haringay's next bewildering question.

"She has not. She's as grey as a badger." He touched the mare and the car lurched alarmingly. "Bunty Manning has hair like that," he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to Haringay.

"D-does *she* hunt?"

A strange look came into Danny's face. It gave the suggestion that Haringay had unwittingly flicked him on the raw.

"She does not," he said shortly, and set the mare going at such a pace that Haringay had to hold on tight to keep his seat.

For a while his whole attention was concentrated on sticking to the jaunting car, a vehicle which a novice sits on with some alarm when it is driven at fourteen miles an hour over a bumpy road. But presently he began to notice the country through which they were passing. Parts of it seemed

familiar. Quite abruptly he became aware that it was the country he had ridden over in his dream. Yet he had never been in Ireland before!

"Hounds meet to-morrow. Hope we shall have a good day," said Danny over his shoulder. "We can give you nothing good in this country except huntin', though it's the finest country in the world," he added loyally.

They turned into a long, ill-kept drive, and came to a standstill before the house. Haringay was introduced to Miss O'Hara, Danny's aunt, regaled with tea and then taken round the stables. Thence onwards conversation was of hunting and hunting only.

It was not to be wondered at that Haringay's mind, stimulated by such talk and the fact that he was actually in the country of his dream, should revert once more to the principal character in it. The vision of the unknown girl with the bright hair grew more vivid as the evening went on. Somehow he felt sure that it would materialise on the morrow. But hounds met, found and killed their fox, and no glimpse was vouchsafed him of the little huntress who haunted him so persistently. The willowy figure, spick and span from the crown of her neat bowler hat to the soles of her smart tops, as a hunting woman should be, was not in evidence. She remained a dream. Even a good day's sport lost its savour for Haringay. He was conscious of a deep sense of disappointment.

Hounds ran into their fox on land adjoining the property of Terence Manning, the M.F.H. He was an intimate of Danny's, and insisted on his bringing his friend in later on to dinner. Haringay was thereupon introduced to the home of a typical Irish family, poor, proud, and extremely jolly. There were ten of them altogether.

The day's run, recollections of past runs, the prospect of future ones formed the sole topics of interest. Before it was quite dark the stables were inspected as a matter of course. For a strictly hunting family to have foregone the custom would have argued their sudden lack of interest in life. Terence himself piloted Haringay. The young man was a judge of a good horse, and the Mannings had some worth exhibiting.

At the end of their inspection they came to a standstill before a loose-box where stood a black mare with a white star on her forehead. Haringay felt like rubbing his eyes. The mare was a little beauty, but in addition she was strangely familiar—a part of his dream. Aware that some criticism was expected of him he suppressed his stupefaction and managed to say:

"A perfect looking fencer. Which of you rides her?"

"She's not been hunted this season," replied the young man with a touch of pain in his voice. "She's Bunty's. Bunty won't ride her again, and we haven't the heart to do it."

"Who is Bunty?" asked Haringay.

"Oh, I forgot. Ye haven't met her. She's me little sister. Come along and I'll take you to her. It's one of her bad days, so don't be after talkin' too much of the huntin'."

"I quite understand," assented Haringay, but with less assurance than he felt. A sense of depression filled him. He could not define it.

Young Manning piloted him back to the house, through some passages, and stopped outside a shut door on the ground floor.

"We carried her into the old schoolroom that day, and she's never moved out of it since, poor little soul," he said. "It's her back, ye know." He knocked gently at the door. "Bunty, I'm after bringin' a new friend to see ye. Will he come in?"

A thin voice bade him enter.

At sound of it, even behind a closed door, Haringay's heart raced violently. Before it was opened he knew whom he was about to see. Behind that door, within that room, his very soul told him was the one-girl-who-mattered-in-the-world.

As in a dream—it was a dream within a dream now—he heard Terence Manning say:

"Bunty, this is an old school friend of Danny Meehan's. Excuse me, Haringay, I'm off to clean up. Will ye stay and talk to Bunty for a while?"

It seemed to Haringay that the room was lit not only by the firelight but by the girl's wonderful hair as well. It lay spread all over her cushions like spun gold. Her small, finely-featured face looked white and pain-drawn; nevertheless it was the face of his dream-girl. Her slender form was outlined by the shawl drawn over her lower limbs. She lay very still. For a moment Haringay could find no words. A lump came into his throat. It moved him acutely to discover that the girl who, in his dream, had been so radiant and full of life, should be lying supine here!

She looked up at him and smiled, yet

he knew she was in pain. The room seemed charged with it—slow, aching pain, silently endured.

"Have you had a good day's sport?" she asked.

"Very good, thanks." Haringay's voice was unsteady. He hardly recognised it as his own. "May I sit beside you?"

"Do."

He took the chair that stood by her couch.

"Have you ever hunted in Ireland before?" pursued the sweet voice.

"Only in dreams," he answered. He wanted to avoid a subject which he felt would pain her. But she persisted.

"Does it come up to your expectations? Of course it must. We've the finest hunting in the world. Oh, hunting!" She clasped her little, white, unringed hands. Her violet eyes turned to him wistfully. "They won't talk to me of hunting. They think it reminds me too much. It's worse to lie here and think about it. They come in, the dears, and talk about everything else to cheer me up, and instead of that I'm aching to hear all about the day's run, where hounds found, and what the going was like. Why, even the hound who's drafted out from the pack must dream of hunting! I want to imagine the smell of the earth and the fragrance of the woods, and the cut of the wind as you gallop through it. Did my brother tell you I would not be hunting again?"

Haringay tried to parry the direct question.

"Let us hope you will before long."

"They say not. Maybe I'll just live lying here like this for years, dead up to here." She touched her waist. "It was my back. Oh, why didn't I break it right away and die?"

"Please don't!" he implored.

It was all he dared or could say. To express the profound feeling with which he was charged was beyond him. No words he could have used would have been adequate. He guessed well enough how keen her regret must be, the depth and the pain of it. He, above most men, because of his own love of the open, could appreciate how she must long for movement, the bustle of the hunting field, the nip of keen air, the whimper of hounds, the joyous gallop that stirs and warms the pulses.

Her sorrowful expression changed. She smiled with a resignation that was even more affecting than her outburst of a moment since.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have spoken like that," she said quietly. "Only sometimes I remember that I'm eighteen and that I used to be even more active than most girls. Have you seen White Star?" she went on eagerly.

"Your mare? Yes. She's a topper." Haringay tried to make his voice sound cheerful.

"She is. She's a beautiful lepper too. The others won't ride her. She has no vices. They just feel they can't because she's mine, and because I took that toss off her. It wasn't her fault. Her hoofs never touched me. W-would you be doing me the favour of riding her while you're here?"

It was an unexpected question. More, it was one that gratified Haringay strangely.

"Would you like me to?" he asked.

"Indeed and I should. She's well up to your weight."

"Then I will with pleasure."

She gave him a grateful glance and then shut her eyes.

"Are you in pain?" asked Haringay softly.

"A little—yes."

"Would you rather I went away?"

"No. Just stay and not talk till it's over."

So he sat quite still in the room of dancing shadows and the still girl on the couch. For a long while he kept his eyes averted from her face, but when he did look he saw with a pang that it was wet with tears. They trickled slowly from beneath her closed eyelids. Pain? She was in more than pain. She was on the rack. Forgetful of the fact that he was almost a stranger, he took gently the small hand that lay nearest to him and held it. Contact with his strength seemed to strengthen her endurance. Presently she opened her eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "It's better now—for a while. This is one of my extra bad days. Sometimes I can be better company."

Haringay had forgotten to withdraw his hand. Hers still lay confidingly in it. He, in turn, gained something from her touch. It inspired him.

"Let me tell you of a strange dream I have often had," he said. "If there is any meaning in dreams, then, somehow, there is hope for you. The dream is in two parts. I won't bother you with its end. The first part is that for at least six months I have dreamt of this very country over which I have hunted to-day for the first time—and of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes."

He took gently the small hand that lay nearest to him and held it. . . . Presently she opened her eyes. "Thank you," she said. "It's better now—for a while."

"I kept on dreaming of you riding to hounds. And, ever since, I have been haunted with the desire to know and to find you. But the strange part of the dream is this—always, every time I see you, you are riding towards me on a black horse with a white star on her forehead—your own horse that I've been looking at. You look so happy in my dream—the kind of rapturous happiness that would come to you after recovery from a long illness. In my dream, you give me a lead, and we ride off on a line of our own. To day, when I recognised the country, I had a conviction I should see you—the girl of my dream. Even when there was no sign of you at the covert side or during the run, I had a feeling we should meet. And when I saw your mare I was surer still."

Her eyes, filled with an indescribable expression of wonder and perhaps of hope, were fixed on his. Looking into their depths he asked himself whether he had been wise in speaking as he had done. She might think it presumptuous of him. To counteract that possibility he went on to give his dream an application that had slowly been forming in his mind.

"Some people say there is a purpose—sometimes a prophecy in dreams. Perhaps there is in this one of mine. I feel sure there must be. The coincidences are too strong to make me doubt it. I know I shall see you well and strong again on your black mare, hunting with the best of them."

Bunty's face lit up. A faint colour came into it.

"What a wonderful dream!" she cried. "I am so glad you told me. It's—it's like a story—if it only came out with a happy ending!" There came the inevitable reaction. "But dreams can't cure a body that is—half dead!"

"A dream like mine might mean that there may be a cure for it," he ventured.

As he spoke, his mind leapt to Hoadley, Hoadley—his best friend, who knew of his dream—Hoadley, who, curiously enough, specialised in spinal complaints. Was this the finger of Fate? Or was Fate just going to play with the two of them like a cat with a mouse, greatly torturing?

At this juncture young Manning came into the room and, after a few cheery words to his sister, bore off his guest.

On his way home with Meehan he asked his friend the question:

"Do you think it's hopeless?"

That the girl was in both their thoughts was evidenced by Danny's prompt answer.

"God knows!" he said bitterly. "They've had all the local doctors for miles round to see her. They can't afford a tip-top man, and neither can I, bad cess to it. It makes me mad to see that little sufferin' angel lyin' there——" he broke off. "I've loved every little bit of her since she was so high," he added beneath his breath. "Not that she'd ever have had me. I asked her before the accident." His voice shook. "Begad, I'd rather see her walkin' up the church on the arm of me worst enemy than not walkin' at all. Faith, she might ride away then if she wanted to, bless her heart!"

They walked their horses on in silence until Haringay broke it.

"Danny, I think I ought to tell you that I love her, too," he said simply.

Danny's surprise was such that all he could do was to stare into the darkness. He could see nothing of the face beside him.

Then Haringay told him of his dream, and what he meant to do if the Mannings were willing. Danny gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"You've got a way with ye," he exclaimed. "And if your friend can do anything for Bunty and she gets well—which sounds too good to be true—don't be thinkin' of me. I'd never a chance with her. Besides, I'm leavin' this country shortly. What's the name of your friend?"

"Hoadley. Chap who used to be so clever with his penknife. Don't you remember him?"

"Why, yes! And he's the great man? When could you send for him?"

"I'll wire first thing in the morning," replied Haringay.

Not being an Irishman, however, and lacking the Hibernian gift of ready expression, he found it a difficult matter to word his wire intelligibly. Hoadley chuckled when he read it:

Have found Diana huntress but not on horse bad accident to back People here say will not walk again want you to attend her charge everything to me Can you start on receipt of this.—HARINGAY.

But his amusement ended there. He wired his reply—the one laconic word, "Coming," and started as soon as train and boat would permit. Within twenty-four hours he had been met by Haringay, heard all the latter had to say about Bunty, and had guessed the rest.

After a hurried meal and a brush-up at Meehan's he asked to be taken to the patient without delay. Danny and Haringay escorted him to the Mannings', and sat in anxious

silence with the family while Hoadley was with Bunty.

For over an hour they waited for his pronouncement, hoping yet fearing. At the end of that time he came out of the schoolroom and joined them. His manner was entirely professional.

"There's not a moment to be wasted," he said brusquely, addressing Terence, as the eldest of the family. "The question whether there is to be an operation or not must rest with you as your little sister is not of age."

"An operation?" faltered Terence.

"Yes, a serious one. The situation is this. As things are at present the patient may linger on for ten or twelve years—in pain. You understand? If I operate she will either be cured or——"

Hoadley's sentence tailed off. He thought it best to be direct, but for all that he did not care to use the additional word that would be sure to lacerate their feelings.

"Had I known of the case three months ago," he proceeded, "I could practically have promised a safe recovery. As it is, the loss of every moment is a step backwards. So that if you give your permission I should like to wire for two nurses and to operate directly they arrive."

Haringay's face was haggard. Something between a choke and a sob broke from Terence's lips.

"What does Bunty say?" he asked.

"She said she hoped you'd let her have her chance."

Terence covered his face with his hands. There was a long silence. Every person in the room knew that cold Fear stood at the foot of Bunty's couch, and with him another, sickle in hand, to reap or not to reap? And Bunty asked for her chance! Terence uncovered his face. The tears were streaming down it.

"Bunty's a sportsman," he choked. "Give her her chance, and God be kind to us all, for we love her so!"

* * * * *

The operation took place the next day. It was successful. The only doubt was whether the girl's strength would last out the critical period before convalescence could begin. She hung in the balance between life and death, out of pain, but speechless, barely breathing. And those who loved her could only wait for the first sign of strength or the last sign of weakness.

No one except the nurses was allowed to see her. Hoadley himself could do nothing further, and returned to England. Haringay went, too. He could not stay indefinitely with Danny. Besides, for him all savour had gone out of hunting, horses, and hounds. Bunty was the light of his world, and that light was flickering.

He got weekly letters reporting progress, or, rather, no progress, and his spirit died within him. As if to torment him the dream was perpetually recurring, always the same—Bunty cantering up on White Star, leading him over the now familiar country.

At last the tenor of the letters changed. She showed signs of improvement. A fortnight passed and one of the nurses had left. In three weeks the other nurse had gone also. Bunty was getting better rapidly under their very eyes. Every day now brought her fresh strength. Then he got a letter, written in very faint pencil:

> My Dear Mr. Haringay,
>
> This is the first letter I have written since you were here, and it is to you to thank you with every bit of my heart for your wonderful idea of asking Dr. Hoadley to see me. I know (for they have told me) that I owe you a great deal more than gratitude. I can no more express it than repay it. I wish I were like the bird that is singing outside my window now—just pouring out praise and thanksgiving! Perhaps he's doing it for me!
>
> I really believe I shall be well enough to hunt next season if Dr. Hoadley gives me permission. *Do persuade him!* Of course, I must hunt again. Not to do so would be cowardly; besides, the kiddie who keeps on tumbling when he is learning to walk doesn't leave off walking for that!
>
> Talking of walking, I can walk round my room five times (with a stick) without getting tired. To-morrow I am going in the garden.
>
> I cannot tell you how I feel. Perhaps you can guess. My heart is *singing!*
>
> Your sincere friend,
>
> Bunty Manning.

Needless to say Haringay answered the precious letter at once. A few days later he called on Hoadley and showed it to him.

"Read it!" he cried. "It's a miracle!"

"Read it?" echoed Hoadley, staring at the faint pencil-marks that by now were barely decipherable.

"I will, then." And Haringay read it aloud.

Hoadley gave him an affectionate thump on the shoulder.

"Thought you were reading it?" he smiled. "My good chap, you know it by heart!"

"Perhaps I do," said Haringay, replacing it carefully in his pocket-book.

* * * * *

Ireland! The turf is a vivid emerald green; the morning air has a nip in it; a moist fragrance comes from wet fallows as the squelch-squelch of horses' feet go through them. In the distance on the left is a long, low white house in a bad state of repair. In the foreground a keen assemblage of fox-hunting men and women are anxiously waiting for the "gone away!" Haringay is there, too, waiting for the fulfilment of his dream.

He hardly notices the hot, restless pushing of the pack in the undergrowth, and the noisy flutter of birds that clatter out of the bushes. He hardly hears the whimper that presently breaks into a crashing chorus. All his senses are concentrated in his eyes. They move restlessly, searching for a girl with the gleam of gold in her hair. Where can she be?

His heart thumps boisterously as he sees her at last. She comes towards him at a hand-gallop on a black mare with a white star—the girl and the horse of his dream!

"I'll give you a lead!" she sings out.

And to the music of her voice he sets his horse going.

Once in movement, with the joyous little figure a couple of strides ahead, Haringay felt himself again. A strong fox was leading the pack. The pace was brisk. Bunty flew a low stone wall, and on its further side, a sound piece of meadow-land, Haringay drew level with her. Not long ago his admiration would have been confined to watching her splendid horsemanship. The easy seat, the long rein, held by hands almost on her lap, did not escape him. But now the sight of her restored to health, and the look of happiness irradiating her sweet face uplifted his heart to the exclusion of aught else.

To hunt under such a condition of mind could have but one result. Haringay was hardly conscious of anything but swift movement. To be alongside of Bunty, to follow where she led was all that he asked for.

The unerring instinct of one bred to the chase led her to take a line of her own. Wide on the left hounds were working their fox in and out of cramped country. But they were slowly circling towards the higher ground where firmer going was enabling Bunty and Haringay to let their horses out. Here, right in their course, lay a disused race-track with its fences still standing. The pace increased to a rousing gallop. Breast to breast the two horses took the jumps in their stride. Bunty was revelling in the sensation of speed. Haringay felt much as he might had he been riding the winds.

And then at the end of the burst the converging pack gave them a position in the very forefront of a rattling run. Close up with hounds they had another twenty glorious minutes that ended with a clean kill in the open, and only half-a-dozen others with them to view it.

Not until they found themselves alone walking their tired horses home through the darkening lanes did they have time for conversation. It had been a wonderful run, a wonderful day!

Was it a dream? If so, Haringay dreaded the awakening. And yet something told him that it was real enough this time. Surely the shadowy, slender, habited figure beside him was flesh and blood, dear woman to hold, to kiss, to claim as his own.

"Bunty!"

He did not know he had spoken her name aloud.

"Yes?" she answered.

"Tired?" he asked solicitously.

"Only deliciously. Do you remember the dream you told me about?" she went on after a pause. "Isn't it wonderful? It's come true!"

"Part of it."

"What was the rest?" The throbbing shyness in her voice was birdlike. It had the mating note in it.

"This was the rest," he answered, trembling. "We were going home together as we are now."

"Were we talking?"

"We didn't need to talk. We were so utterly happy and we knew—what we know now."

"Y-yes?" faltered Bunty.

"That for the rest of our lives, please God, we should always ride home together after the day's run."

His hand grasped hers as it lay loosely holding the reins on her horse's neck. A gentle tingle of warmth came to him through the small glove.

A light shone out of the darkness—the lights of Danny's house. It stood at the cross-roads, one of which led to the Mannings'. Danny had gone out to the Argentine, and Haringay had taken it from him as a hunting-box.

"Will you ride home with me—next week for good, Bunty!" he asked greatly daring.

"Sure and I will," whispered Bunty, lifting her face to him in the darkness.

CAP & BELLS

A QUESTION OF APPEARANCE.

An editor once received this letter from a bright youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her?"

The editor's reply was brief and to the point:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."

* * * * *

QUITE SUFFICIENT!

A farmer recently paid a visit to a neighbour, and as he passed along by the side of the fields he made a mental note of the fact that no scarecrows were visible.

Meeting his neighbour almost immediately, he opened the conversation as follows:

"Good morning, Mr. Oates. I see you have no scarecrows in your field. How do you manage without them?"

"Oh! well enough," was the innocent reply. "You see I don't need 'em, for I'm in the fields all day myself."

* * * * *

BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED.

"Yes," proudly observed a complacent and somewhat boastful business man to his actor friend, "your profession may be a very lofty one in an artistic sense, but that of a successful merchant is much better. Look at me! At the early age of forty-five I retired on my fortune, and was presented by my fellow-merchants with an illuminated address! Can you boast of anything like this? Have you ever had an illuminated address?"

"I have," replied the actor—"once."

"When?" asked the merchant.

"Why," replied the actor, "when my lodgings caught fire."

THE DISTINGUISHING MARK.

FLAT AGENT: "That's the servant's bedroom, and this is the linen cupboard."

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: "I see; the cupboard is the one with shelves in it."

* * * * *

SPOILING THE VIEW.

Willie and his little sister were visiting at a mountain resort where they heard a great deal of talk about the fine view from the hotel. One day the little girl fell over the edge of the balcony, and Willie ran screaming to his mother.

"Oh, mamma!" he cried. "Come quick! Bessie has fallen into the view!"

CROSSING SWEEPER (soliloquising): "They say that I lead the life of a dog, but I don't think!"

MAKING ONE WEAK.

"Well, George," said William, as they met in the street, "how is Arthur going on now?"

"Oh, much better," replied George. "He has been in the country for seven days to regain his strength."

"That's funny! I should have thought seven days in the country would have made one week!"

• • •

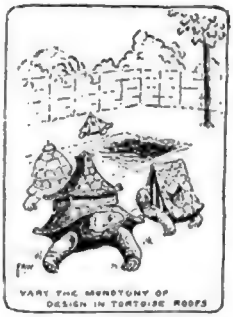
A GENEROUS OFFER.

An enterprising young florist, in order to increase his trade, displayed this sign in his window:

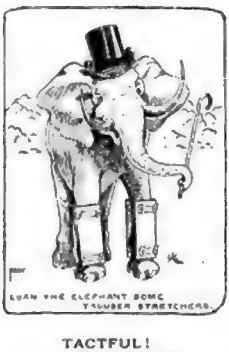
"We give a packet of flower seeds with every plant."

His competitor across the street promptly sought to meet the competition by placing in his window the following announcement: "We give the earth with every plant."

BEAUTY HINTS FOR THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.



VARY THE MONOTONY OF DESIGN IN TORTOISE ROOFS



LEAN THE ELEPHANT SOME TROUSER STRETCHERS.

MOST APPROPRIATE.

"I see they are talking of putting up a statue to the man who invented rubber tyres," said Hawkins.

"Really?" said Wagleigh. "Well, I hope it'll take appropriate form and be a bust."

• • •

AN INTERVAL FOR BREATHING.

They had been engaged only a week. He had kissed her fully forty times that evening. When he stopped the tears came into her eyes, and she said:

"Dearest, you have ceased to love me."

"No, I haven't, but I must breathe," he gasped.

THE WRONG BAG.

FIRST SPORTSMAN: "Hallo! old man, what luck have you had to-day?"

SECOND SPORTSMAN: "Oh, the best. I've been blazing away, doing great havoc. Just look into my bag."

FIRST SPORTSMAN (taking a look): "Why, what's this? It is full of fish!"

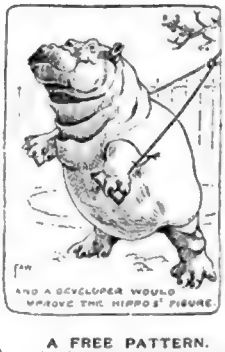
SECOND SPORTSMAN (greatly confused): "Confound it! I've come out with the wrong bag this morning."

• • •

A TRUE DESCRIPTION.

NEW MAID: "Please, ma'am, when I bring the dinner in should I say 'Dinner's ready' or 'Dinner's served'?"

MISTRESS: "Well, if it's like it was yesterday, you'd better say 'Dinner is spoilt.'"



AND A DEVELOPER WOULD IMPROVE THE HIPPO'S FIGURE.

TACTFUL!

LITTLE BOY (to lady): "Please, ma'am, may I have my arrow? It has gone into your garden."

OLD LADY: "Why, certainly, my little man. Whereabouts is it?"

LITTLE BOY: "I-I-I think it is sticking in your cat."

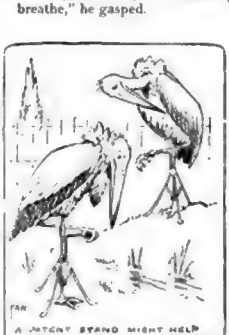
• • •

MERELY RUN DOWN.

The big red touring car struck a pedestrian, rolling him in the mud and rendering him unconscious. The owner ran back greatly excited, after stopping his car.

"Is he dead?" he asked anxiously of the physician who was bending over the victim.

"Oh, no," remarked the physician cheerfully, "he's not dead; he's merely run down!"



A JACKET STAND MIGHT HELP STORKS WITH WEAK ANKLES

A FREE PATTERN.

A lady took her little daughter out to tea, and was much shocked to see her try to put a thin piece of bread and butter into her pocket.

"Whatever are you trying to do?" asked the mother.

"I thought I would take this home to nurse for a pattern," replied the child.

• • •

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

LAWYER: "I say, doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down?"

DOCTOR (dryly): "Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it?"

LAWYER: "Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor."

CONSTABLE: "What are you taking that miserable cur to the Dog Show for? You won't get a prize with him!"

SMALL BOY: "They may give me a special prize for showin' the kind of dog that no dog ought to be."

COMING TO THE FRONT.

Once they had acted together in pantomime, and after many years it happened that they met quite by chance on the railway-station platform. The occasion proved an excuse for much pleasant reminiscence.

"Well," said Trotter, "and what news of our dear friend Forbes? I always prophesied that he was a man with a big future before him. Has he come to the front yet?"

"Come to the front yet? I should jolly well think he has!"

"Ah," said Trotter complacently, "I knew he would! I knew he would! But, tell me, where is he now?"

"When you were with us, you'll remember, he was playing the back legs of the elephant. But that was ten years ago. Now he's been promoted to the front legs!"

* * * * *

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

SISTER: "Come, Willie, and take your powder like a little man. You never hear me make any complaint about a little thing like that."

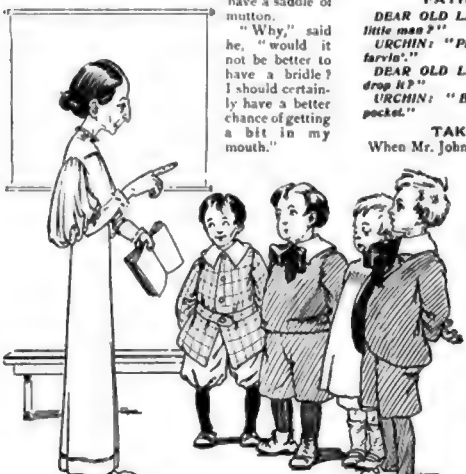
WILLIE: "Neither would I if I could daub it on my face like you do. It's swallowing the stuff that I don't like."

* * * * *

SADDLE OR BRIDLE?

A man calling on his butcher to order something for dinner was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton.

"Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a bridle? I should certainly have a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth."



TEACHER: "Now, boys, everything in Nature serves some good purpose. Tell me, why are moths so small and light?"
TOMMY: "Please, teacher, because they eat holes."

FATHER'S TROUSERS.

DEAR OLD LADY: "What's the matter, my little man?"

URCHIN: "Please, mum, I've dropped me farvin'."

DEAR OLD LADY: "Well, where did you drop it?"

URCHIN: "Boo hoo! Daha me trousis pocket."

TAKING THE CAKE.

When Mr. Johnson returned home from the office the other evening he found his young wife in tears.

"Why, Grace!" he cried in surprise, "what is the trouble, darling?"

"Oh, Ernest," she sobbed, "I baked a cake this morning and set it on the window sill and a tramp came along and stole it."

"Well, don't cry, dearest," said the husband consolingly. "One tramp less in the world doesn't matter."

* * *

AFTER THE GIRL?

SENTIMENTAL DAUGHTER: "I think he's lovely. He's a man after my own heart."

WORLDLY MOTHER: "A man after your father's money, you mean."

* * *

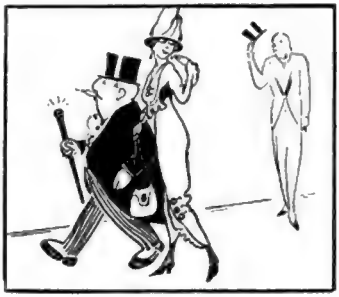
BRAVO!

"I got this cup for running."

"Who did you beat?"

"The owner and six policemen."

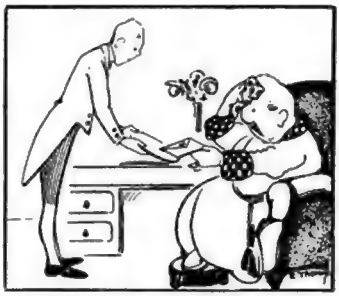
MONEY AND THE MAN—HOW A JOLLITY GIRL GAINED BOTH.



This smart little maiden of Jollity fame,
With her very glad eye played a cute little game.

Now the Earl that she landed was ugly and fat,
While the man of her dreams was as poor as a rat—

But still this was not the first puzzle she'd met;
She thought the case over and turned suffragette.



Till the Earl, overcome by her obstinate chatter,
Informed her he'd altered his mind on the matter.

So she took him to court where his letter was read,
And the jury awarded one million instead—

So now she is happy, for she can afford
To marry the man she has always adored.

SHE KEPT ONE THING.

A music-teacher, giving a lesson to a careless pupil, was becoming impatient with her. Finally, at a most complicated part of a difficult piece, the pupil lifted her hands from the piano and searched for her handkerchief. It was the last straw.

"Oh!" exclaimed the teacher, "was there ever such a girl? You lose your position, you lose your fingering, you lose your handkerchief—you lose everything!"

"Oh, no," responded the pupil, with a twinkle in her eyes, "not everything! I haven't lost my temper!"

• •

THE RAIN AGAIN!

A milkman at Killenaule was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk.

"You are charged," said the Judge, "with a most serious offence of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?"

"Begob, yer worship,' answered the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only thing I can think of is that the cow must have got wet through."

• •

ORIGINAL SIN.

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend, who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."

• • • • •

HIS HOLDING CAPACITY.

FATHER: "I must study that young man of yours, Dora. I want to see how he takes hold of things that interest him."

DORA: "All right, dad. Just pop into the conservatory suddenly one night."

OBSERVANT YOUTH: "Hi, mister! You've dropped something!"

THERE WERE LIMITS.

IMPECUNIOUS SUITOR (endeavouring to make himself agreeable to Miss Angela's papa): "What a charming place you have here, Mr. Oldman. Does it go all the way to that grove over there?"

UNSYMPATHETIC PAPA: "It does."

IMPECUNIOUS SUITOR: "And all the way to that stone wall in the distance on this side?"

UNSYMPATHETIC PAPA: "It does. And it goes all the way to the river on the south side, and all the way to the main road on the north. But it does not go to my daughter Angela.'

• • • •

WHY INDULGE?

The portly lady had accidentally taken a seat in the carriage reserved for smokers. With unconcealed indignation she saw the man beside her fill his pipe.

"Sir," finally came in frigid tones, "smoking always makes me sick."

"Do it now, ma'am?' said the navvy as he proceeded to smoke his evil-smelling pipe. "Then take my advice an' chuck it!"

• •

A QUESTION OF LOCALITY.

"Bobby," said the lady in the tram-car severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in a car," said Bobby. "It does at home."

• •

SUPERIOR LINING.

"My furs are nicer than these," said Marjorie to her mother while in the fur department.

"Why, dear you have no furs of any kind," returned her mother.

"Yes, I have," protested the child, "and they are lined with kittens."

• • • • •

A QUICK RESPONSE.

FIRST JEWELLER: "I have had proved to me that advertising brings results."

SECOND JEWELLER: "How?"

FIRST JEWELLER: "Yesterday evening I advertised for a watchman, and during the night my shop was ransacked by burglars."

"FIT?" "FIT!"

Illustrated from Photographs specially taken for THE ROYAL MAGAZINE by Elwin Neame.

Here are the two startling positions for the exercises; the correct attitudes here shown should be compared with—

By Medniles.

—these, which are incorrect, one being forced and the other the position taken up by a weak person.

A month or two ago we published an article called "Are You a Mr. Mouldy?" which gave a few hints to people leading sedentary lives, with no time for games, on the art of keeping fit. A medical man read it, wrote to me, praising it on the whole, but criticising it on one or two points. I asked him if he would write a second article, and here is the result. I need only add that this gentleman has had a large experience in turning raw material into men, and is entitled to speak with authority on the subject. At the present juncture it is the duty of everyone to keep as fit as possible; the exercises he recommends will be as beneficial to girls as to men. (Ed. R.M.)

THE DOOM OF THE SEDENTARY WORKER

As a result of an unnatural mode of living, the business man, and the business girl also, often suffer from a number of small ailments which may or may not progress to actual ill-health. Tied down as they are for many hours daily away from the invigorating influence of sun and fresh air, the business of keeping fit is one of vital importance.

Under modern conditions of life, the nervous system, in particular, is subject to a severe and continuous strain, which reacts on the general health in a varying degree, according to the individual's constitution. It may produce an easily recognisable train of symptoms, which, unless treated in time, progress from bad to worse.

The individual becomes easily tired, and hence disinclined for exercise, small things disturb him, and, though not feeling definitely ill, he never feels well. As the strain continues, he becomes irritable and low-spirited, loses his sense of proportion and powers of decision, his memory becomes defective, and eventually he may drift into a condition of nerve exhaustion or neurasthenia.

The condition of the nervous system reacts on the patient's muscles, which

Neck Exercises

Draw in the chin and bend the head backward a few inches, stretching the arms downwards. Turn the head slowly to the left three times, repeating the movement to the right.

become flabby and soft, especially the abdominal muscles which weaken from want of work, and refuse to perform their important office efficiently; he suffers consequently from indigestion and kindred ailments. His bodily condition in turn affects his nerves, and so a vicious circle is established, leading, perhaps, to eventual breakdown.

Foot Exercise, which consists in rising slowly on to the tips of the toes and sinking on to the heels again.

HE CONSULTS FALSE PROPHETS.

The general demand on the part of these sufferers for advice on physical culture has produced a number of so-called specialists, some good, some bad, but nearly all displaying a lamentable lack of knowledge of the elementary principles of their profession. Many of them aim, to judge by the advertisements, at producing an unnecessary development of muscle, which can only be done by tiring and often harmful exercises.

Cases are continually coming under notice of individuals afflicted with this craze for acquiring large muscles. They go through a course of heavy exercises—weight-lifting and what not—get their big muscles in time, and remain martyrs to them ever afterwards, as these muscles, if not well exercised, turn into fat, and their owner becomes seedy and livery unless he takes strenuous exercise for half-an-hour or an hour daily—and the time of the business man is limited. Apart from this, big muscles are useless to the average man, because he does not need them. What he does need is that his own moderate muscles should be taut and well up to their work.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

A marked contrast to the victims of this obsolete and unsound method of training (which, by the way, is still adhered to in most of our public schools) is the product of the modern and sane methods of physical training which now obtain in the Army. By means of a carefully graduated and progressive course on the Swedish system, an eminently useful type of man is produced. He has not large muscles, but is harmoniously and adequately developed from the top of his head to the sole of his foot.

He thinks and moves quickly, and his nervous and muscular systems are under perfect control—his servants and not his master. The often underfed and physically poor recruit becomes in six months or so a smart, active, and intelligent lad, and it is in a large measure due to his physical training that he is able to march and carry his heavy equipment, though in weight and bulk he is somewhat below the average of the community.

When he joins the Army first he is a very different person. Some recruits on enlistment have never jumped in their lives, and baulk at a one-foot jump they could step over easily. Many are very nervous, and I have seen a man sweating with fright because he was asked to jump down three feet from the top of a vaulting-horse. Yet in a few weeks they are going over a stiff obstacle-course, with ten-foot walls to climb, and, moreover, enjoying it!

Forearm Exercise—With the forearm bent and fist clenched tightly, straighten and bend the wrist ten times.

NEVER OVERDO THINGS.

The keynote of rational physical training is moderation and progression; the rate of progression depends entirely on the condition of the individual. Commence with easy exercises, and gradually stiffen them from time to time, but always stop short of anything approaching fatigue. Different parts of the body should be exercised in succession, so

that one has a chance to rest while another is being exercised. A properly conducted series of exercises should be followed by a sense of well-being and exhilaration.

BREATHE NATURALLY.

The widespread belief in various breathing exercises is one more point on which a word of advice might well be given. In the many systems of physical training, more or less elaborate instructions are laid down, most of them showing an absolute and entire ignorance of the mechanism of respiration. I have seen an instructor demonstrate his patent system of breathing and grow half-asphyxiated in the process.

Breathing, after all, is a natural function. All one has to do is to take a fairly deep and easy breath; the details may well be left to nature.

A few deep breaths on rising in the morning, taken in the open or before an open window, can do nothing but good, and clear the lungs of impurities accumulated during the night. Stand erect, but not stiffly, with the hands resting on the hips, take a slow and fairly deep breath through the nose. Let the abdomen bulge if it wants to; do not strain, do not tighten the abdominal muscles or draw in the waist.

Exhale quietly through the mouth, and repeat the exercise half-a-dozen times—that is all.

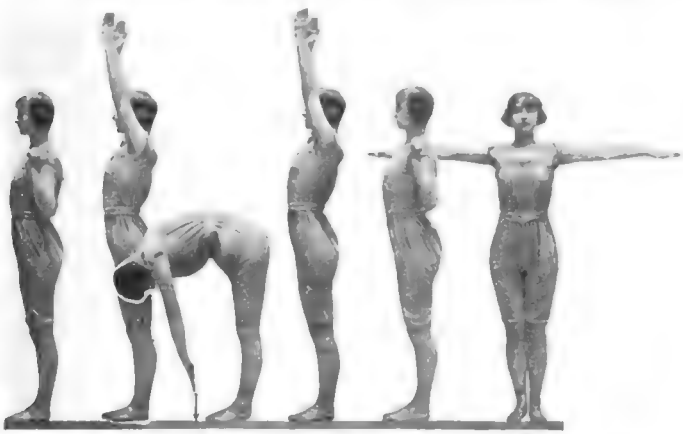
GOLDEN RULES FOR SEDENTARY WORKERS.

Outdoor games form a valuable adjunct, and should be indulged in with due regard to the limitations of age and the state of training of the individual, bearing in mind the general rules which I have ventured to lay down.

I would emphasise again the danger which may occur from over-exertion in people who are untrained, especially when they have reached the wrong side of thirty. Keep your rooms well ventilated, always sleep with the window open at the top, and take your proper amount of sleep. Most people require seven to eight hours in the twenty-four. Do not smoke too much; smoke only after meals, and never before breakfast. Most men eat too much meat; two meat meals are enough for anyone. The lunch should be a light affair without meat; if possible, rest for half-an-hour before and after a meal.

A COMMONSENSE SYSTEM OF EXERCISES.

Bearing in mind the limited time which the average business man and business girl have at their disposal, it has only been



Arm and Trunk Exercise.—(1) Bend the forearms on the upper arm with fists clenched. (2) Shoot the arms above the head. (3) With knees straight, touch the ground. (4) Rise erect again. (5) Bend arms as in the first position. (6) Shoot them out horizontally.

possible to describe a few essential exercises in the following scheme.

The exercises described should be perfor d daily on rising, in front of an open window, and before the morning tub; they should not take longer than ten minutes daily for the first two or three weeks

The essential points to be observed in carrying them out are

Avoid all stiff and unnatural positions; do not expand the chest forcibly, or draw in the waist.

Concentrate your mind on the exercises.

If the exercise becomes tiring, leave it, and go on to the next in order

Breathe naturally the whole time, and do not fix the chest.

Always perform the exercises in the order laid down

There are two starting positions for the exercises, as follows:

First Position (called "attention" in the Army). This should be one of readiness. Stand erect, with the heels together, toes turned out to almost half a right angle, knees braced back, shoulders square to the front, arms hanging easily at the sides, head up, chin slightly drawn in. The position should not be stiff; avoid "throwing a chest," or drawing in the abdomen.

Second Position. As above, but with the hands resting on the hips, elbows slightly back, and backs of hands outwards.

The positions are indicated at the beginning of each exercise:

Start with second position—take a few fairly deep breaths as described above

Neck Exercises.

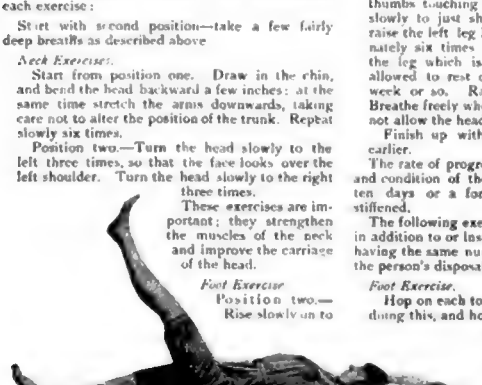
Start from position one. Draw in the chin, and bend the head backward a few inches: at the same time stretch the arms downwards, taking care not to alter the position of the trunk. Repeat slowly six times.

Position two.—Turn the head slowly to the left three times, so that the face looks over the left shoulder. Turn the head slowly to the right three times.

These exercises are important; they strengthen the muscles of the neck and improve the carriage of the head.

Foot Exercise

Position two.—Rise slowly on to the tips of the toes, and then sink on to the heels slowly. Repeat from six to ten times.



Abdominal Exercise.—Lie on the back with arms stretched back above the head and raise the right leg slowly; lower it, and repeat the movement with the left leg.

Leg Exercise.—Rise on the toes and sink to a squatting position; then rise erect again, and finally let the heels sink to the ground

Forearm Exercise.

Position one.—Bend the forearm to a right angle with the upper arm, with the fist clenched tight, and then straighten and bend the wrist forcibly ten times

(2) Rock the wrists slowly from side to side ten times.

Arm and Trunk Exercise.

Position one.—(1) Bend the forearm on the upper arm, fists clenched and pressed well back level with the shoulders

(2) Shoot both arms up above the head, fingers extended, palms inwards

(3) Keeping the knees straight, bend down, and touch the ground with the tips of the fingers.

(4) Rise erect again.

(5) Bend arms as in (1).

(6) Shoot the arms out horizontally, palm downwards.

Continue repeating exercise about eight times.

Leg Exercise.

Start from position two. Rise on the toes, and then, keeping the trunk erect and the knees well turned out, sink slowly down to a squatting position, rise slowly erect again, and finally let the heels sink to the ground again. Repeat four times

Abdominal Exercise.

The most important of all. Lie on the back with the arms stretched back above the head, thumbs touching the ground, raise the right leg slowly to just short of vertical; lower; slowly raise the left leg in a similar way. Repeat alternately six times for the first week. The heel of the leg which is not being exercised may be allowed to rest on the ground during the first week or so. Raise both legs together twice. Breathe freely when doing this exercise, and do not allow the head to rise off the ground.

Finish up with breathing exercise described earlier.

The rate of progression depends on the physique and condition of the individual, but generally after ten days or a fortnight the exercises may be stiffened.

The following exercises should then be performed in addition to or instead of the foregoing exercises, having the same number, according to the time at the person's disposal.

Foot Exercise.

Hop on each toe six times; jump up well when doing this, and hold body erect While dressing, walk about on tip-toe. This is a good exercise for flat feet, a rather prevalent deformity among sedentary people.

Arm Exercise.

In addition to the one described, introduce two strong r exercises, as follows:

Arm Exercise.—Bend down with bent knees and palms on the floor, and shoot the legs out behind so that the body is supported on the toes and arms. Then bend the arms slowly so that the trunk sinks down to within a couple of inches of the ground.

Bend down with bent knees and place the palms of the hands on the floor, thumbs about 12 inches apart; shoot the legs out behind so that the body is supported on the toes and the straightened arms, head, trunk, and legs in a straight line. Take care not to raise up the seat, or to let the body sag in the middle. Bend the arms slowly, so that the trunk sinks down to within a couple of inches of the ground

Straighten the arms slowly, and repeat six times. Do not hold the breath.

If a beam or door ledge is available about 7 feet from the ground, pull up once until the chin is level with the hands. If this is found difficult, or the least strain, only pull up halfway.

Later on, a couple of pulls can be performed, but the exercise should not "catch the breath."

Leg Exercise.

The leg exercise previously described should be performed at a much faster rate or with the feet about a foot apart. Thus carried out, it is one of the best exercises in the system.

Abdominal Exercises.

Lie on your back on the floor as in previous abdominal exercise, but with hands resting on the hips and the feet under a chest of drawers or similar object. Rise slowly up nearly to a sitting position, and slowly let the body sink back again. Repeat two to four times. The exercise can be made harder if the arms are kept above the head instead of as described

I would emphasise again the importance of the abdominal exercises If the time is so short that only one exercise can be attempted, I would choose the abdominal group in preference to any others. If possible, however, do not limit yourself to these.

Exercise for Chest and Upper Part of Back.

This should come in after the abdominal exercises, and before final breathing exercise.

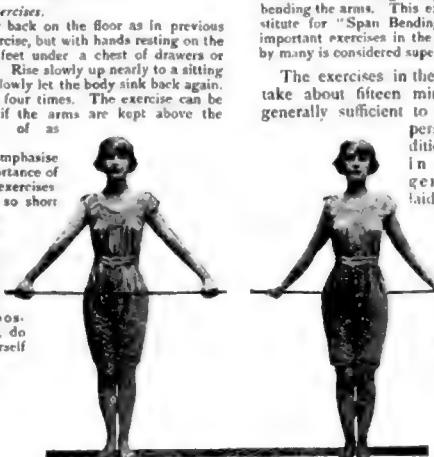
The stoop, which is so frequently seen among individuals who have many hours of desk work to get through, can be remedied by the following broomstick exercise.

Get a walking stick or a broom handle, stand at attention, holding the broomstick with both hands with the backs of the hands forward, hands about 3 feet apart. Carry the broomstick above the head with a circular motion, keeping both arms straight and gripping tight the whole time, and force it back over the head as far as possible *without hollowing the small of the back.* Repeat several times.

As the shoulders get more supple, the stick can be carried right back and down to the level of the seat without altering the grip of the hands or bending the arms. This exercise is a useful substitute for "Span Bending," one of the most important exercises in the Swedish system, and by many is considered superior.

The exercises in the third week should take about fifteen minutes, and this is generally sufficient to keep the average person in fair condition, if he follows, in addition, the general principles laid down.

It is important to perform them regularly and to carry out the various exercises in the order in which they are mentioned.



Exercise for Chest and Upper Part of Back.—A first-rate exercise for remedying a stoop can be carried out with a broomstick held horizontally in both hands. Carry the stick above the head and force it back as far as possible without hollowing the back

BLUE LINEN

"Ah! Moon of my delight that knows no wane,
The moon of heaven is rising once again.
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after us—in vain!"

By F. E. Baily.

I.

Gerald Grey, his body covered by a shirt only, felt his soul even more naked. For half-an-hour the specialist had sifted the evidence with the relentless accuracy of his kind, tapping and listening, weighing and measuring, asking a brief question here and there, and making absolutely no comment. The patient, too cowed even to lie about his symptoms, could only wait.

"Thank you, Mr. Grey—that will do."

Sir Gilead Thompson's broad-browed, intelligent face softened into a reassuring smile. Furtively, painfully aware that his inmost thoughts were clear as day to the trained mind of his inquisitor, the patient shuffled self-consciously into his clothes. Sir Gilead wrote illegibly in a book.

"You have been over-doing things rather seriously," he began at length, laying down the pen. "Your heart is considerably enlarged—no trace whatever of disease, I assure you, but clearly a warning to go slow. Rest is what you need. Can't you take a month's holiday, and loaf?"

The youngest and most promising dramatist in England frowned thoughtfully.

"I'd rather not," he demurred. "My new play goes into rehearsal next week, and to be on the spot makes a lot of difference. You see, it's only my second, and if it scores a hit I can fix up a good contract at once."

"Well, then, go for a fortnight," commanded Sir Gilead, "or else it may mean six months on your back. The great thing is to take things in time. A mild climate like South Cornwall, and the smaller the place the better. Thank you. Good-morning."

The great man pressed the bell for his consulting-room maid, affecting after the manner of his species to ignore the three guineas placed deprecatingly on his table. The patient, almost gasping his relief, strolled forth into the sunlit atmosphere of Weymouth Street.

II.

She sprawled face-downward on the very edge of the cliff in a blue linen frock remarkably short as to the skirt, her disgraceful bare brown legs elevated in the air by the natural bend of the knee, putting red cherries into her red mouth. Her golden-brown hair, with just a suspicion of a wave in it, hung loose on her shoulders, as if her years numbered fifteen instead of a shameless twenty-two. Ejecting the cherry stones after the simple method of nature, she sang carelessly a little song:

Whom do the boys all sigh for?
Vowing their hearts will break;
Whom would the boys all die for?
Who is it takes the cake?
Who has ensnared the p'liceman
The bart. and the belted earl,
Turning so pink when they wink
(I *don't* think!)?
Well, they tell me it's Father's girl

As a matter of fact, Gerald Grey very nearly trod on her.

All the Cornish coast lay laughing in the late spring sunshine. Far below little, ridiculous waves said *a-a-a-aah!* as they flopped with infantile foolishness on the firm, yellow sand. Away to the right the cottages of Trevagissy staggered about a crack in the cliffs. Ages ago an enormous giant mistook the cliffs of South Cornwall for cake, and cut a huge wedge to see what it was like. In the space he left they built Trevagissy, such as it is. There was that something in the air—the same something that makes the grass grow, and the lambs frisk, and the young people, looking away from one another, take hands shyly and wander out into lanes breathless with moonlight—which is peculiar to the air of South Cornwall.

Two great grey eyes full of frank curiosity stared up into Gerald Grey's blue ones, as he stopped with awful abruptness, raising a much-ill-treated soft felt hat in apology. Then a disgracefully pretty face puckered into a smile; one small, brown hand went out bearing a gift of fruit, and a soft, low voice, faintly and deliciously husky, said:

"Hullo! *Do* have a cherry!"

Strangely enough, in that one moment he felt he had known her all his life, so he sat down and had a cherry. The girl watched him with calm approval.

"It's very delightful, but I needed a pal," she observed, propping her chin on her hands and jerking her head at the natural features of the country. "I love the scarlet tree-fuchsias and the hydrangeas, and the funny stone walls, and the cliffs, and all those blessed little gulls crying their hearts to ribbons from morning till night, but I can't stand the moon alone. I go up into a small, wet gulp and want to howl. Where are you living?"

"I've got a cottage that belongs to a man I know," he explained, wriggling himself comfortable and unstalking a cherry. "What about you?"

"I'm staying with one of the village ladies, opposite your cottage. I know it's your cottage because I know everything about the place now. I heard you were coming. I hoped you would be nice."

"Hard luck!"

"What is your name?" she replied, throwing a cherry stalk at him.

"Down here I'm just plain Gerald."

"Well, Gerald, I am plain Rosemary."

"Rosemary, perhaps, but not plain."

She made a rude face at him.

"Why did you come?"

"For a rest—doctor said I was to."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady anxiously. "Do put on your hat, because the sun is so hot. You look a bit rotten. I was when I came, but now I'm as brown as a boot. May you bathe?"

"Yes," murmured Gerald reflectively, "I think I'm just strong enough to bathe."

The maiden scrambled to her feet, picked up a tattered shilling novel, of a shocking nature judging by the cover illustration, and stood looking down at him.

"You wear too many and too beautiful clothes for these parts, Gerald, though I admit I do catch it from the stinging nettles now and then, but on the whole I like you. And, glory be, you seem to have a bathing suit tucked into your pocket, and, as I live, a small towel. Let's go down the cliff and swim."

He picked up her towel to carry it, and glanced about as if in search.

"Your costume?" he queried.

"Got it on—underneath," explained the maiden simply, and began to clamber down the steep descent.

Standing on the golden sand, with great tortured rocks frowning to right and left of her, she laid a hand on his arm with charming possessiveness, and spoke:—

"This cove is your dressing-room, Gerald darling—the next is mine. When I am ready I shall give a harsh scream and gambol out into the sea. You follow at once, or as soon as convenient, but no starting before me. Honour bright?"

He nodded, laughing.

Like a blue streak she fled, her golden-brown hair streaming behind. Five minutes later an awful cry rang out, and a slender figure in a university pattern costume of flaming cardinal, scampered out towards the deep. He followed, more sedately, and a little self-conscious. Rosemary squealed babyishly.

"O-ooh—cold!" she complained, and cast herself suddenly beneath the foam. Re-appearing, she began to rip through the water with a rhythmic over-arm stroke. It meant much to Gerald Grey that, good as she was, he, starting thirty yards behind, caught her up quickly, and began to murmur polite conversation.

"Oh, you beast!" snarled Rosemary, "you swim much better than I do, and I did want to swank. How mis'rubble is the girl—yea, like unto a strayed kitten that lacketh milk, in a country where the cow loweth not and the milk-sellers languish"

They were a hundred yards out, and both

He staggered up the beach leaning on her shoulder, and collapsed on the sun-warmed sand with a very shaky smile. "Well done, Rosemary!" he stammered through chattering teeth.

floated, moved by a common spirit of idleness. In the midst of some nonsensical speech Gerald began to feel uncommonly ill, with horrible symptoms of faintness and exhaustion. He had forgotten about his heart in the charm of the moment.

Painfully he began to swim shoreward. Rosemary, jeering at him for a shirker, amused herself by diving under him, and behaving like a demented and youthful porpoise. Half-way home she heard him gasp, and saw his drawn face and blue-tinged lips. Then in a flash she remembered.

"Oh! Gerald, I am a pig—I forgot you were ill. Poor thing, you do look seedy. Over on your back, and let me take you in!"

But unfortunately Gerald was too exhausted to obey.

Two little firm hands gripped him beneath the arms as he went under; he felt himself supported skilfully, and then she swam to shore on her back, towing him. He staggered up the beach leaning on her shoulder, and collapsed on the sun-warmed sand with a very shaky smile.

"Well done, Rosemary!" he stammered through chattering teeth.

The little, cardinal-clad figure, very slender now in its wet and clinging garment, fled across the sand, and returned bringing a slab of chocolate from some secret cranny of the blue frock.

"Eat it quickly and go and get dressed, child!" she stormed fiercely. "You'll die of cold, even in the sun. Go on—hurry."

Still he lay and smiled faintly, utterly done to all appearance. The little cardinal figure played her last card.

"Oh! Gerald, don't frighten me," she whispered. "I don't know what to do for you! I—I'm so terrified."

Though death, he felt, dogged his footsteps, he got up and dressed. They went slowly back to his cottage, where he crumpled up completely, and she fed him with yolks of eggs and brandy until the colour came back to his face.

Then the reaction took her, and, putting her golden-brown head on his sleeve, she cried convulsively, causing the patient to feel suddenly as if the bottom had dropped out of his world.

III.

It was on the fourth day that he kissed her.

By this time the hollows in his lean, good-looking face had begun to fill out, and a new, expectant look had come into his eyes. They were watching all day long for a blue-frocked girl with bare legs and her hair down to flit across the road, climb three steep stone steps, and pad noiselessly in her disreputable sand-shoes up his path and on to the little verandah of his cottage. There she would sit, on the table for preference, and be fed with chocolates, or smoke a cigarette, before

dragging him off to wander along the beach or pull out to sea in a fisherman's boat.

She came at all times and in all moods, but he liked her best when after supper they wandered out to watch the moon climb up over the bay.

An atmosphere of some slight decorum marked the evening meal. Rosemary appeared in a clean frock and stockings, her hair burnished with vigorous brushing. Gerald assumed a complete suit of clothes in place of the shirt and trousers which sufficed for the earlier hours. Also, they consumed a set repast with coffee to follow it.

"We owe this tribute to our self-respect," asserted Rosemary on the fourth evening. "Come out, Gerald, and look at the moon. People are always mad and interesting by moonlight."

They climbed slowly up the cliff road and down the cliff itself to the beach where they had first bathed. Rosemary nestled close to him, perched on a great slab of flat rock. The touch of her slender body against his made him ache to hold her in his arms; of course, he had fallen in love long ago.

"What do you do with yourself out in the big world, Gerald creature?" she queried, flicking away the remains of a cigarette.

"I write plays."

"Oh! Then you don't like actresses, do you?"

"No," said Gerald very fervently. "I hate 'em."

She nodded understandingly.

"And you," he went on, stroking the golden-brown hair with subtle, caressing fingers, "what happens to you outside Arcadia?"

She looked up at him with her great grey eyes and laughed, a low, happy laugh, leaning her head against his hand in utter content.

"I just frivol about, you know, Gerald."

Gently, but very possessively, his left arm slid round her shoulders. She did not resist, only drooped her head back against it and smiled up at him. He raised her firm little chin with the hollow of his right hand and kissed her slowly, many times, on her mouth and brow and eyelids.

At last they sat very still, her face against his, and watched the full moon sweep up into the silent sky. There did not seem to be anyone else in all the earth.

"It must be very late," murmured Rosemary.

A sudden stillness seemed to have stolen over her. Softly she drew herself away; Gerald, glancing down, caught the wistful sadness of her expression.

"I suppose you are Gerald Grey, the dramatist?" she murmured.

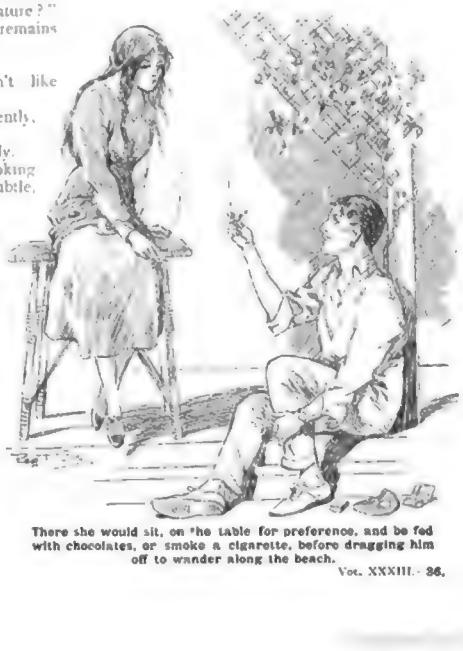
"Yes, darling. What does it matter?"

He took both her little, restless hands in his and held them as if he would never let them go. Then she stood up and led him out into the white light of the moon. She seemed to have taken a great decision.

"Do you love me, Gerald?"

"Better than anything in the world," he answered, his voice uncertain with emotion.

She smiled at him with that singular sweetness of expression a woman keeps for one, and one only. Two big tears ran slowly



There she would sit, on the table for preference, and be fed with chocolates, or smoke a cigarette, before dragging him off to wander along the beach.

He led her through endless carpeted corridors to his box, and there . . . . he kissed her unresisting, as she would have wished to be kissed.

from the corners of her eyes down her little appealing face.

"I love you too," she said, and kissed him of her own free will.

IV.

In the morning he sought her vainly. Long before he awoke, they told him, she had set out over the cliff path to the nearest station two and a-half miles away, a boy carrying her suit-case, to catch the first train to London at eight o'clock.

She had left him a little note blotted with tears.

GERALD DARLING—

Long after you said good-night—the nicest good-night I ever had—I sat up thinking it all out. It seems to me there's only one thing to do, and that is to go away and leave no address. You see, Gerald, I'm only a little actress, one of the actresses you don't like, and directly you knew you'd hate me. You might even think I'd tried to flirt with you on purpose, though I don't somehow believe you would.

I came down to steal a holiday, and then you came too, and we were so happy. But as soon as you knew, you'd begin to criticise me, and wonder if you hadn't made a mistake. I could n't bear that. I've loved you ever since that awful morning when you might have drowned in the bay. If I were famous it would be different, but I'm not.

So good-bye, my dear, and try not to be very angry with

ROSEMARY.

He looked up from the letter in his hand, and stared about him. There seemed no longer any charm left in Trevagissy; the voices of the children came raucously, and a faint odour of tar and fish from the little harbour nauseated him.

Only then he remembered that she had never told him her name. The people at her cottage could not help; they knew her only as Miss Rosemary. At the little post-office and general shop he was informed that no letters ever came for her.

The rest of the day he spent roaming aimlessly from place to place. Trevagissy had become unendurable — there were too many ghosts. After supper he wandered out to the rock where he had kissed her, and the memory tore at his heart.

Very early the next morning he set out over the cliffs to catch the London train.

V.

There seemed nothing worth while now but to fling himself into the task of rehearsing the new play. This he did with such a frenzy of industry that he broke down and found himself once more in Sir Gilead Thompson's consulting-room.

The specialist shook his head.

"Frankly there is no improvement, and indeed I detect a certain depression that did not exist when I saw you before. If you refuse to take the necessary amount of rest, Mr. Grey, I really cannot answer for the consequences."

Repulsed on all sides, Gerald gave up the unequal struggle. The play he left to the producer, Rosemary to whatever the fates

might have in store for her. For himself, he lay during the greater part of the twenty-four hours stretched on a couch in his flat in the Adelphi, reading, smoking, and regretting. Finally came the night of the production.

Hidden alone in a box he watched the first act with detached interest. The love scenes, written before he had become acquainted with love, appeared trite and conventional. Nevertheless they pleased the audience; already success beckoned.

If only Rosemary would come to share it he could rejoice. As things were——

He shrugged his shoulders and drifted aimlessly round to the back of the pit, to watch, unrecognised, the effect of his *chef d'œuvre* on the middle classes.

There, in the third row from the back, he found her.

Evidently she had come alone. His gaze dwelt hungrily on the golden-brown hair, and the great grey eyes, alight now with interest—and something more. Unfamiliar to him in a well-cut blue serge coat and skirt, she brought back a rush of poignant, bitter-sweet memories—the vision of a girl in blue linen, with bare brown legs and her hair floating free.

Gerald Grey felt suddenly old and tired. His wretched heart contracted painfully, and there seemed an unaccountable mist before his eyes.

Magnetised by his glance, she turned and saw him. The colour ebbed from her face; her hands twisted pathetically in her lap. Then she inclined her head gently, and became, to all intents and purposes, absorbed in the stage.

Five minutes later an attendant placed a little note in her hand.

Won't you come and speak to me just for a moment? I'm very seedy, and hideously lonely.

GERALD.

Mechanically she edged her way out into the aisle, and approached him. He said nothing at all, only took her two little hands in his, and held them, in just the way he once had held them, as if he would never let them go.

He led her through endless carpeted corridors to his box, and there, sheltered by the friendly darkness, he kissed her unresisting, as she would have wished to be kissed.

"Darling," he murmured, "why did you go away?"

"I was afraid," she confessed, her voice muffled by his dress coat. "And yet to-night I simply had to come and see the play, though somehow I knew you'd find me. I know I sound like a little fool, Gerald, but it's the mortal truth. And you're looking dreadfully ill, you poor thing."

Hundreds of miles away, the curtain fell on the last act, amid shouts of "Author!" and stormy applause.

"You must go," she said. "They are calling for you."

"I am calling for you," he murmured, looking down at her, "but you won't come."

"I couldn't come because I was an actress, and you didn't like them."

"You *can* come, because you are you," answered her lover, and there was none to contradict him.

TO ROSALIND.

When you are fair, my Rosalind,
And winds are from the south,
And soft One sighs: "Your dreaming eyes!
The magic of your mouth!"
Oh, kiss ere evening closes
The sunshine of your day,
For only youth has roses,
Roses all the way.

When you are old, my Rosalind,
And winds are from the west,
Shall he despise your fading eyes
That once he loved the best?
With you his heart reposes
Who did not answer "Nay!"
When youth was strewn with roses,
Roses all the way.

François.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

Welding tram-car rails by a new and very quick method. The operator wears a mask to protect his eyes from the glare of the melting steel.

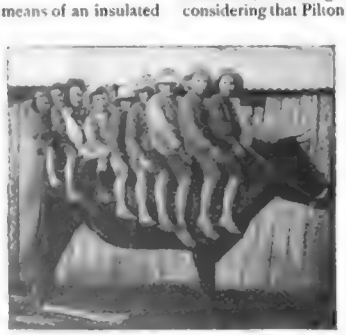
The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

WELDED WHILE YOU WAIT.

By a new and comparatively inexpensive process the welding of tram-car rails can be accomplished without disturbing the pavement.

The work is done by means of an insulated grip, which holds a steel rod in a cylindrical socket. When connected with an overhead trolley wire and placed in contact with a rail, the rod fuses as if it were solder. The steel runs into the aperture between the two rails and welds them securely together.

As the steel melts it gives off a greenish light, so intense that the operator wears a mask to shield his eyes. Rubber gloves protect his hands from the current.



This bullock, from the wilds of Queensland, Australia, has resigned himself with commendable fortitude to acting as a temporary 'bus.

"FULL ON TOP!"

BULLOCKS are not usually the most docile of beasts, but this animal, which hails from a village called Pilton, in Queensland, Australia, seems to be a pleasing exception.

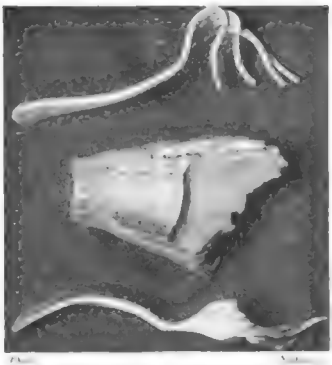
His riders appear to have boarded him wholesale, as though he were a 'bus, and considering that Pilton is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station and three miles from a school, it is not surprising that the good-natured animal is imposed upon.

The bullock is the property of Mr. Hardwick, who uses him for farm work. Three of the big boys sitting on his back ride to and fro to school every day—a much more picturesque method of getting there than walking along prosaic streets, and one which most children would hail with delight.

SOUVENIRS FROM SCARBORO'.

After the German raid on Scarboro' many fragments of shell were picked up in the town. The picture shows a piece of a shell which entered a bedroom in the Royal Hotel and penetrated two other rooms. In the second of these, two ladies were in bed, but fortunately they escaped unhurt.

A curious effect of the bombardment is shown in the two forks which were on the table of the Arcadia Restaurant; these were twisted out of shape as though they were bits of wire.



A piece of shell picked up in Scarboro' after the raid, and two forks which came out of the bombardment in rather a twisted condition.

A MINIATURE RAILWAY STATION.

Probably the very smallest railway station in the world is that of Filmore, in Wyoming, U.S.A. There is only one train a day, and it consists of a long line of freight and cattle cars, with one little passenger coach tacked on behind. On Mondays it goes west, and on Tuesdays returns east, and so on throughout the week.

The station at Filmore is 7529 feet above sea-level, and is a source of great interest to summer tourists. In wet weather, however, it is a by no means ideal waiting place.

Photo A. Reinhart.

The railway station of Filmore, in Wyoming, U.S.A., is probably the smallest in the world, and boasts only one train a day.

These boots once belonged to a German soldier, and were sent home by a British trooper to his mother as a souvenir.

TROPHIES OF WAR.

In the course of a campaign soldiers collect many strange souvenirs, but boots are not usually numbered among them. This pair of boots, which belonged to a German prisoner, were sent home to his mother by a trooper at the front, who made a special box to fit them.

A peculiar feature about the boots is that they lace up at the side instead of down the centre. Apparently they are in pretty good condition, and it is quite possible their owner was loth to part with them.

DELIVERY IN PARIS.

In spite of the popularity of motor-vans and bicycle-carriers, many of the goods bought at Parisian shops are delivered on foot by men who call each day for that purpose.

These men are held responsible for the parcels handed over to them, and often cover long distances with heavy loads on their backs.

By means of a kind of tray which is fixed on the messenger's back, he is enabled to carry quite a pyramid of boxes with comparative ease and safety, and to deliver his parcels with the utmost dispatch.

Photo Cartwright Dyer Media Co.

Many Parisian firms have their goods delivered by men who call for that purpose every day. Here is one setting off with his load.

Photo F. H. Reading.
The superiority of British bayonets is due to the fact that they are made from best Sheffield crucible steel. The picture shows the molten steel being poured into the ingot mould.

MAKING BRITISH BAYONETS.

All the bayonets, swords, and lances used by the British troops are made from best Sheffield crucible steel, the secret of whose manufacture is known only to Sheffield makers.

The mixture is put into the furnace until melted and fit to go into the crucible to cool. If a bayonet or other sharp-edged weapon is to be made, the steel is slowly re-heated and hammered into a bar ready for the smith to forge the shape of the weapon.

After the grinder has smoothed the blade it is milled, heated again, and plunged into cold water to harden. Heated once more in a coke fire to temper it, the blade is then fitted with a handle and polished on a wheel covered with fine crocus powder, ready for use.

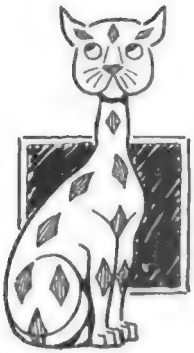
"'WARE SHRAPNEL!"

At the best of times there cannot be very much comfort in the trenches, but Tommy Atkins is quite capable of making the most of what there is. Accordingly, each man has a little shelter where he can rest, feed, and sleep without leaving the trenches.

These shelters can also be used when the men are menaced by the enemy's shells. After a time one gets inured to almost anything, and even the din of bursting shrapnel does not hinder "Tommy" from enjoying the few hours rest that come his way. The trenches are his home for the time being, and he makes the best of them.

In dry weather they may perhaps be bearable, but it takes a great deal of optimism to be cheerful when they are inches deep in mud.

Press Photo Agency.
Even in the trenches "Tommy" has contrived little cubby-holes where he can rest, feed, and also crouch out of the way of the enemy's shells.



THE HOMING INSTINCT

"The cat came back the very next day:
The cat came back—she wouldn't stay away."

By William Freeman.

We became possessed of Evangeline as the result of a visit to Thuggberry's Emporium. To be more exact, Delia bought her there. Evangeline was a highly-glazed yellow cat, with a long neck, and mauve lozenges all over her, and whether she were plaster or earthenware we were not to know until later. Her price was one-and-six-three, and she was the last of her tribe they had in the shop.

She was destined for Cousin Emily, who is an enthusiastic collector of the quaint and *bizarre*.

Evangeline was all that and more. It was obvious from the beginning that Delia wanted to keep her for herself.

"The darling would look too *chic* for words on top of the piano!" she sighed.

But one-and-six-three is one-and-six-three, and doubly so in war-time, and though Delia as a sister is quite a dear, the hint fell on deaf ears.

Refusing to intrust her to a boy, we carried Evangeline home with due reverence, and Delia settled down to write the inevitable letter which was to accompany her to Cousin Emily. Tradition and etiquette demanded that this should cover not less than eight pages of albert-sized notepaper. It contained the details of Delia's new costume, a recipe for making meringues, culled from *Home Snippets*, and a synopsis of our chief domestic happenings during the past month. There remained to pack this budget with the cat, and then to post both of them to Sheffield.

At six-thirty I began, at Delia's suggestion, to hunt in the spare-room cupboard for a suitable box; at ten minutes past seven I found one. It had come, as two-inch capitals on the lid testified, from Tiffinsons, the drapers. I put Evangeline to sleep there on a bed of crumpled newspapers, added the letter, and at half-past seven, having completed the job to Delia's satisfaction, left the parcel at the local post-office.

Several times during the next two days Delia, with a blend of regret and self-congratulation, referred to the cat. She had visions of it smirking at Cousin Emily from the drawing-room mantelshelf, which must have been torture to one who had loved and lost a yellow animal decorated with mauve lozenges. On the afternoon of the second day, a small boy arrived with a large box. It bore the label "Tiffinsons'," and Delia's face glowed with anticipation as she brought it into my study to have the string cut.

We took off the lid. Within was a smaller box, sickeningly familiar, within the smaller box was Delia's letter to Cousin Emily, open, and—Evangeline.

"But what—what does it mean?" said Delia breathlessly.

I laughed hollowly.

"It means that the postman overlooked the address I wrote on the lid and the lines I drew through Tiffinsons' name, and delivered the box at Tiffinsons' in consequence. From there, when every shop-girl in the place had read the letter, they were good enough to return it to us in another box."

Delia sank weakly into the nearest chair.

"What *am* I to do! You know how horribly punctilious Cousin Emily is——"

"The thing is simple enough. You will write a note explaining the mistake, and send off the parcel a second time."

The note was written, and Evangeline, embedded in fresh layers of paper, was packed, at Delia's suggestion, in the newer and bigger Tiffinson box. I myself pasted a large label over the name and took the parcel to the post-office—a quarter-of-a-mile away, for Bunchester is a small place. Delia said afterwards that I was a dear to take so much trouble, but that I ought to have known that it was going to rain, and to have taken an umbrella.

The parcel was posted at four-thirty. Twenty-four hours later, a dapper young man, with the manners and bearing of an ambassador to the Great Powers, presented himself at the front door and asked if he might be allowed to speak to me. Delia was out and the privilege was granted him. From the moment I perceived "Tiffinsons'" in gilt letters along the front of his cap, I feared the worst.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he said, "upon a matter which Messrs. Tiffinsons do not quite understand."

He produced an oblong cardboard box.

"It's about a cat—a yellow china cat, with mauve spots all over it."

"Lozenges," I said. "Her name is Evangeline. We could think of no other which seemed suitable."

"She's been sent to us twice, sir, first with an intimate sort of letter, and the second time with a postcard as well."

"I'm sorry," I said, and remembering one or two sentences in Delia's note, I was glad she was out.

"We think, sir"—the ambassadorial manner grew still more marked—"that the gummed label which had been stuck on the lid had become saturated with the rain, and so failed to adhere sufficiently. The stamp must have come off with it. So there's double postage to pay—a shilling."

I paid it. Delia came up the pathway while the young man was trying to find change for half-a-crown. She perceived the name on his cap instantly.

"What have you come about?" she asked falteringly.

He turned.

"A cat, madam—yellow china cat, with mauve——"

"That's all right," I said. "Don't bother about the change."

He departed. But the mischief had been done. I returned to the dining-room to find Delia prone on the couch, her face hidden.

"Of all the —!" she said in a muffled voice.

I waited until the worst of the storm was over. I will only say that in this instance Delia was something less than just, and that the soliloquy ended with her statement that she would stick on the next label with Chuffham's waterproof cement, and address the parcel herself.

Agreed, without discussion. And while she was writing a second apology to Cousin Emily, I made double sure that Tiffinsons should never lay eyes upon Evangeline again, to say nothing of the recipe for meringues or the details of the new costume. When all was finished, I hastened to the post.

"You've made absolutely certain?" said Delia, when I returned.

"Absolutely. Not only did I scratch out Tiffinsons' name until it was practically illegible——"

"I know."

"But I wrote above it '*To the Postman—Do NOT deliver this at the below-mentioned address!*'"

A silence followed—the kind of silence which is worse than a vacuum.

"Anything wrong?" I asked at last.

Delia stared at me with lack-lustre eyes.

"I—I didn't notice what you'd written, and I stuck the label over the place where Tiffinsons' name was, and—oh! run, Jack, run, or we shall get it back again. Never mind about a hat or coat!"

I ran. Ordinarily the postmistress, Mrs. Booch, is in charge—a dour and elderly lady with an uncertain temper. Now, however, I found a girl there, a slender slip of a thing, with dark hair and humorous eyes.

(Afterwards I discovered that she was Mrs. Booch's niece, and that she had come to Bunchester on a holiday. But why she should instantly lead to a revision of half-a-dozen theories concerning the perfect Woman, I find it difficult to explain to this day).

"I have come," I said, "about a parcel I left here a few minutes ago."

"The post has just left," she said.

"The parcel was very urgent, because it had a yellow cat in it."

"The post has just left," she said.

"Unless I can stop it, the cat will come back to us again."

"The post has just—— Do you mean that the cat has come back before?"

"Yes. It's the homing instinct, I suppose."

"Did it escape through the cage?"

"It wasn't a cage. And it didn't escape. It simply came back, box and all. It was a china cat, with mauve lozenges on it, and the label was wrong."

She eyed me with extreme pity.

"I am sorry, but the post has just left."

I went back to Delia. I should have liked to talk longer with the slim girl, but it was obviously hopeless, and my teeth were chattering with the cold.

Evangeline came home by the second or parcel post, which arrives at nine-thirty—a special dispensation for the postman who finds it too much trouble to push a wad of proofs through a letter-flap, designed for nothing bulkier than a summons for the water-rate. The box itself had been re-opened and re-addressed, and decorated with a multitude of cabalistic signs and initials. Evangeline's expression, as she smirked up at me through a heap of torn newspaper, was one of amused satisfaction.

Evangeline's expression, as she smirked up at me through a heap of torn newspaper, was one of amused satisfaction.

"But what—*what* will Cousin Emily say?" moaned Delia.

"Thad," I said, "rebaids to be seed!" (It is rarely wise to run far in an east wind, without coat or hat, and then to linger in conversation.) "All that is needed is a liddle diblobacy."

I spoke confidently—as confidently as a Von Kluck leading his army in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe—and in the end we composed a second note for Cousin Emily, and posted it separately. We inquired if she had received the small gift which we had dispatched on the 11th—which we had—and piously hoped that it had met with no untoward accident on the way. And afterwards, when Delia's spirits had begun to sit up and take nourishment, so to speak, we repacked Evangeline again.

This time she travelled in a wooden box which was too large, but which had no name of any sort on the lid. I sealed it carefully, wrote Cousin Emily's address in a large and legible hand on the top, and on two separate labels, and walked with Delia to the post-office to make certain that the parcel got there.

"Did you happen to notice the assistant?" said Delia, when we emerged. "Not exactly pretty, but with a most fascinating expression."

"Is thad so?" I replied. I have always admitted the excellence of Delia's judgment.

We returned to find a letter on the hall mat. The writing was Cousin Emily's, and Delia turned pale at the sight of it. Her hand, as she tore open the envelope, shook visibly. The contents, however, were mild enough. Wrote Cousin Emily:

My Dear Delia,

That I failed to hear from you as usual scarcely surprised me; the fault was mine. I should have told you before that, having decided to move, I am now living at some distance from Sheffield.

Having had a dispute with my late landlord, a most *detestable* person of the name of Wedge, concerning dilapidations, it is quite probable that he is refusing to re-address my correspondence, especially in the case of parcels. The people in the post-office are *almost as dilatory*, although promising amendment. I inclose my new address, and remain, in ha-te,

Affectionately yours,
Emily Gunfield.

Delia looked at me. A hysterical little giggle escaped her.

"If you were to go straight to the post-office with fresh labels, and to explain——"

The fresh labels were written. I went. This time a callow youth with tow-coloured hair occupied the further side of the counter. He was not wholly without intelligence, but it seemed to me that several years might elapse before he found himself at the head of his department.

Delia finally settled on a Chinese dragon, of incredible hideousness, which cost half-a-guinea.

I explained, nasally, but with extreme care, exactly what had happened.

"Mrs. Booch is 'avin' 'er tea," he said.

"The young lady I saw before——?"

"Out shoppin'. But I'll 'ave a look in the Guide."

He consulted it, but found nothing to cover the contingency. He asked if I could see the parcel. I couldn't, but said that I could probably find it. That being utterly taboo, he asked me to describe it, and in a burst of generosity offered to tie on the labels himself when he could lay hands on the box. At that we left it, and I went home in triumph to be patted on the back by Delia.

The next day came a second letter from Cousin Emily.

DEAR DELIA, it ran,
Your gift is duly to hand——

"At last!" said Delia rapturously.

——and I can only express my *unbounded amazement* at its extraordinary nature. Knowing, as you both do, my intense aversion from reptiles of *any* kind——

The letter fluttered from Delia's astonished fingers.

"B—b—but a cat's not a reptile—even when it has a yellow body with mauve——"

"Go on," I said. Cousin Emily's handwriting belongs to the Italian, or Indecipherable School.

She picked up the paper.

——of *any* kind, the whole thing must be either a deliberate insult, or an accident requiring considerable explanation to render credible. Needless to add, I am sending the parcel back to you by return of post.

And by the 9.30 post it came—a wooden box very like our own, but a shade longer and many degrees heavier. In a state of feverish anticipation, we wrenched off the lid. Within, encased in vast quantities of cotton wool, was a glass jar in which, floating in alcohol, was the body of a monstrosity labelled "Australian Spiny Lizard, commonly known as the Thorny Devil."

There was nothing to tell us for whom the thing was intended, or from whom it came. To this day I have visions of some embittered professor of zoology heaping curses upon the head of a postal service which snipped the labels off the wrong box and tied mine in their places.

We stared helplessly. Delia was the first to break the silence.

"But—but, Evangeline——"

"Wait," I said. "Evangeline has never failed us yet."

Nor did she. She came a day later, her box enriched by a fresh collection of official and other signs, the most prominent among them being in the scrawl of an illiterate and very angry landlord: "*Refused Admittens.—W. Wedge.*"

Delia fell upon her with a wild cry.

"*Look!*"

Even as she spoke, I saw that a flake of yellow had been chipped off one ear, revealing Evangeline's basic earthenware beneath.

"And that," said Delia, with shining eyes, "settles it—absolutely! Wild horses shan't take her away again. The angel shall be mended with sticky stuff, and stand on the piano for ever and ever."

So the angel was mended, a final letter written to Cousin Emily, and we went out to buy a fresh present for that long-defrauded lady. Delia finally settled on a Chinese dragon, of incredible hideousness, which cost half-a-guinea. When one is placating an outraged collector of the *bizarre*, it is as well to do the thing thoroughly.

We left the address with the proprietor, who undertook to forward the dragon and to take all risks. He was a braver man than I—or perhaps merely less experienced.

That evening, a shortage of penny stamps took me to the post-office. The girl with humorous eyes was behind the counter. She looked up. The suspicion of a smile flickered over her face.

"Has the cat come back yet?" she asked.

I nodded.

"We found that there was only one way out of it, and that was to keep her for good. Otherwise there was every prospect of the poor thing being chivvied to and fro till Cousin Emily's next birthday. It's too long to explain, but the yellow-haired young gentleman lately in charge here could supply some details."

"He's gone. He enlisted yesterday," she told me, smiling.

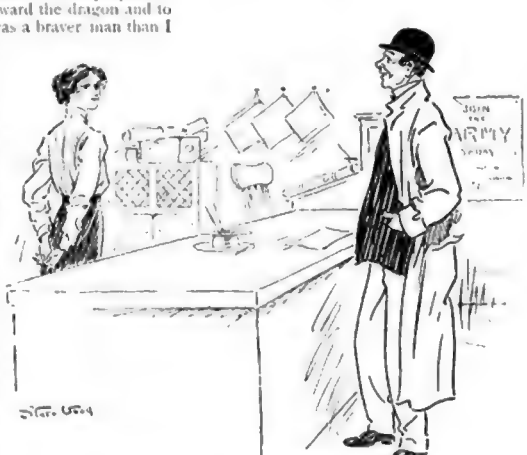
"Good! So long as he remains unconnected with the postal service our Allies may face the future with confidence. In the meantime I came in for a shillingsworth of stamps, and to set my watch right, and to wonder——"

"To wonder what?" said the girl, with a charming blush.

It was a thing one couldn't put into words. The gulf between what may be termed official friendship and the other kind needs a deuce of a lot of bridging. But within the past month I've made good progress. I've met several of her people, and she's met several of mine. Twice she's come to tea with Delia, who thinks no end of her, and is always singing her praises.

Delia, in fact, foresees all sorts of possibilities, and has twice told me she dreamt of orange blossom and woke to the strains of "The Voice that Breathed."

I find great satisfaction in the knowledge that in matters of this kind Delia is very rarely wrong.



The girl with humorous eyes was behind the counter. She looked up. The suspicion of a smile flickered over her face. "Has the cat come back yet?" she asked.

THE DREAM

"Out of the sound of the ebb and flow,
Out of the sight of the lamp and star,
They call you where the good winds blow,
Where the unchanging meadows are."

By Owen Oliver.

Me? *I'm* all right. How's yourself, doctor? Oh, yes! I know it's to-morrow morning. Minor operation? What's that when it's at home? Not dangerous? It's no use kid-dug. What's the chaplain been jawing me for, if there's no danger? Best to cover the retreat, eh? Well, there won't be any blooming retreat to cover this time. I'm a dead cert. to pull through. I've had it in a dream.

Believe in dreams? I do. So would you, if you'd had the proof I've had. Look here. You've come to talk to me and keep my mind off the minor operation, haven't you? Well, I'll talk to you instead, and tell you about the dream.

No, I don't mean my dream, but one that belonged to a mate of mine. Ted Harris, his name was, when he answered to his number. We enlisted together at St. George's Barracks. I don't know which was the rawer or raggeder young waster before the good old army licked us into shape. We were put through it together, and drilled and pipe-clayed into men; we were corporals in A Company, 1st Dullshires, together, and we'd gone to the fighting line in France when I first heard tell of the dream.

We were squatting side by side in a sweet little trench, that was half natural and looked whole natural, halfway down a long slope, hoping to catch some of the Sausages unaware. They didn't see us men there, but they were searching the ground with shells on chance. We'd been without grub for five hours, not meaning to discover ourselves. Then some A.S.C. boys got up to a clump of trees with a handcart, and along a dip into a cross trench, and brought us armfuls of scrumptious rolls and a few pats of fresh butter for a treat. There wasn't enough butter to go round, and the chap who came our way didn't give Harris any.

"You've got something else instead," he says, and hands out a letter that had come up by the field post, and Harris grins like a Cheshire cat.

"I'll swop the rolls for a couple more pats of this!" he offers.

The letter was from his girl, you see, and he knew the fist.

Nice little girl, she was, name of Margaret King, but they called her May for short. She was in a shop at Portsmouth, where we came from—a little girl that had a good word for everybody, and a good word from everybody. I had an eye on her myself, but Ted Harris butted in and got her while I was thinking about it. Always slow with the girls, I was. No one couldn't help liking her funny little way of screwing up her mouth and wrinkling her little nose and laughing at you. Yes. It *was* her that came to see me yesterday afternoon.

"She sends a message for you, Bill," Ted says when he'd read the letter over and over. "Look here!"

He folds the letter across, so that I shouldn't read anything else. Kisses and love-me-duck stuff, of course! Reads like sloppy rot, when it's meant for another chap, don't it?

"You get on with the rolls and butter, son," says I. I'd left him half my pat of grease. "I'll hold it tight, and won't turn over. Straight!"

"Righto!" he says.

So I got the letter into my own hands, and

thought how it had touched hers. That's how I felt about her, but he hadn't any idea, and I didn't know then that she had.

"Remember me very, very kindly to good old Bill," she wrote. "Tell him I often think of his promise to do his best to bring you safe back, and I know he'll try, and I want him to come back safe too."

Ted held out his hand for the letter when he'd wolfed his grub, and he looked a long time at the bit he'd given me to read.

"You'll try all right, Bill," he says at last, "but you won't do it. I'm going under. I've been warned in a dream."

"Bally rot!" I told him, and gave him a slap on the back. "You've got the pip waiting here to be buzzed at. Don't let a few fussy shells get on your nerves. You'll be all gay when we have the beggars at arm's length."

"'Tain't shells," he contradicted, "and 'tain't nerves. It's a dream that I've dreamt three nights running."

"Lucky you," I says, "to sleep three nights running, and to have enough victuals in you to dream!"

I thought in them times that dreams were only a sort of collywobbles, same as I daresay you think now.

He shook his head very desponding.

"*You* can talk," he grumbled. "'Tain't your dream." He gripped my arm. "I'm going to be pipped, and I know the chap what's going to do it. He's been in the dream every time. I'd pick him out of a thousand."

He raised his voice a bit, and a sub. said, "Shut up, man! They're just over the rise." We were on the side of a slope, as I said, the down side, where they wouldn't expect us.

"Let's have the dreams, matey," I proposed, just to help old Ted out. I knew he meant to tell me anyway. "But sing soft! What's the chap like?"

"Navy blue uniform," he says, "and one of them caps that the quartermaster-sergeant calls 'Brodricks'; a snuffy lump of a German sausage, with a fairish beard."

"Thousands of that sort knocking about," I remarked.

"He's enormous big," Ted said; "as tall as the Captain." *He* was six feet two, and looked as if the wind would bend him, but tough stuff for all his looks. Best captain any chap ever had, and took an enormous interest in us. "Twice his weight. There was another thing you'd know him by. He's got a scar on his right cheek; rum-shaped scar, twirly, like a big S. I'd know him anywhere. I'll point him out when he comes."

"*When* he comes!" I grunted very sarcastic.

"He will," Ted declared. "I've dreamt him three times. Twice he didn't get me. Third time he did."

"Well, you point him out," I says; "first time *or* second! There won't be any third!" I patted my old rifle. I was reckoned the best shot in the company, and second best in the battalion. Ted was no marksman; seemed as if he couldn't hold up against the trigger somehow, and always too low. "I'll have a plug at him for you, mate," I promised.

"You won't hit him," he declared very gloomy, "not the first time, nor the second, nor the third; not till he's plugged me anyhow. Three nights running I dreamt it, and——"

"If you can't shut up," the Captain growled, "whisper, you jabbering parrots!"

"I'll bet you a day's pay I hit him first time I draw on him," I offered Ted in a whisper. "How did the dream go?"

"First time," Ted whispers, "I was being turned round on the end of a long clock hand——"

"Well," I says, "you won't be turned round on any blooming clock hand. That shows what rot you're talking. Nothing but over-eating!"

"He was standing in the middle of the clock," Ted went on, not noticing me. "It wasn't exactly a clock, more like a field, and he had his rifle up and aimed dead at me, and he turned when I turned—only slow, because he was in the middle of the field—a sort of field with the time round it; second hand and going fast—and he covered me the whole blessed time. Seemed as if I could see down his barrel! I wanted to aim at him, but my arms seemed tied down——"

"They always do in dreams," I said, "you silly ass! I bet it was the night we found those sausages in the butcher's shop what the butcher had refugeed out of!"

"No, it wasn't," he denied. "I knew he was going to fire in two minutes, and when I was a tick off two turns I struggled to get my arms free, and woke, and I seemed to be hearing someone who'd spoke just before I woke, and he said:

"'First time!'

"And I was all of a sweat."

"I've had worse dreams than that," I told him. "Been dropped from an airyplane, and gone falling for miles, on to the spike of old Kaiser Bill's helmet. Wouldn't mind so

much if I did, so long as I broke his blooming neck! Don't you worry about that dream; not till you're tied on a clock hand!"

"I don't mind so much about that one," he owned, "but the others were realler, and always the same man. The second time I dreamt that we were hiding behind a hedge facing a little village church, me and you and two or three others, and there was a double company of Germans coming along the road, not twenty yards off, and I perspired because I could hear myself breathe, and wondered if they could hear me. *He* was walking in the rear of the company, and all of a sudden a little bird flew on the hedge just in front of my head, and he aimed at it, and fired—or perhaps he didn't, 'cause I woke. And there was a voice in my head saying:

"'Second time!'"

"Well? What of it, mate?" I wanted to know. "You woke, and here you are! If you build on dreams, you've two goes lucky to start with, and you haven't had one yet, so you needn't worry!"

"The next night," he went on, "the dream was realler still. We were in a trench, you and me and some of the boys. It was night-time and muggy and I was dozing, and there was an alarm. I just saw them coming on us in the dark, and their eyes shining like lamps; and he held out his rifle in front of him, and it pointed dead at me. My arms felt tied like they did before, and I watched him coming closer and closer and pointing dead at me all the time, and I says to you:

"'Bill! *Bill!*'

"And you lifted your rifle and took aim across me, and then I saw hundreds of 'em behind him aiming at you.

"'Bill!' I says again, and then he fired. And I was dead and outside myself, looking at myself lying there with a hole in my head—just here! And someone said 'Third time!' and laughed!"

He shivered, and I shook him by the back of the neck, just to buck him up.

"You fathead!" I says. "Why shouldn't you dream of a German sausage pipping you? It's just a natural sort of dream under the present 'cirks.' Look here! I'll bet you that we don't see your blooming German in a month A day's pay, if we do, that I pip him. Are you on?"

He was just going to answer, when the Captain whispers very sharp:

"Silence! Stand by. Hold your fire, men. *Hold your fire!*"

There was a little edging of grass all along the trench, being half natural, as I said, and we peeped through it, and saw the Germans creeping up over the rise. All of a sudden Ted grips my arm.

"That's him!" he groans. "That's him!"

I picked out the chap he meant directly. It was too far off to make out any scar on his face, but he was miles bigger than any of the rest. I covered him very careful. He wasn't a couple of hundred yards off, and I knew I'd got him fixed.

"He won't need to trouble your dreams much," I muttered in Ted's ear, "after we get the word to fire."

He wouldn't have, but we didn't get the word. The Germans showed up for about a couple of minutes, aiming our way—the big chap seemed aiming just where Ted was, and that's a fact. Then an officer shouted an order, and they turned back. My finger was itching on the trigger, but the Captain kept saying:

"Hold your fire! Hold your fire!"

In course, he didn't want them to know the trench was occupied, but to draw them close. Then *R-r-r-r-r* go the machine guns, and there aren't many pickings left for a sharpshooter!

Ted seemed going off his head while they were retreating, and crawled to the Captain and begged him to let me "have a pot at that big chap with a scar on his face—a scar like an S!" The Captain told him not to be a —— fool, but he stared at him very curious.

"How did you know he had a scar like that?" he asked when they'd gone, and I was patting my rifle like it was a dog that had been held off a rat. "I could hardly make it out through my field-glasses."

"I dreamt of him three times, sir," Harris said, "and he's going to pip me."

"Well," the Captain said, "he hasn't! And if you are going to get nerves over a dream, I'll fall you out and send you to the base!" He swore a bit. He was a one for language! Then he patted Harris on the shoulder very friendly.

"You'd rather *be* pipped than fall out," he said. "I know you, Harris. *You're* no funk, dream or no dream."

"No, sir," Harris said. "I ain't no funk, but he's going to get me. I've dreamt it three times. That's how I knew about the scar."

"Dreams be d——d!" the Captain grunted. "Don't talk like a fool!"

All the same, I know the scar business startled him. He asked me about the

I saw the German lad had dreamt about aiming at him. So I took my chance with the bayonets, and aimed at him quick and sharp. We fired just together. [Page 551, col. 1.]

dreams, and swore awful what nonsense it was, but next day he sent Harris off with a party to take in a few prisoners, and I believe it was to get him out of the firing line. At the last moment he told me to go with the party.

"*I* had a dream last night, Nokes," he said, "and I dreamt that *you* shot the S scar man! If you see him, mark him down. It will soothe Harris' nerves!"

He laughed. So did I.

We got the prisoners down to the main column all right, and never saw the enemy. We had a wash and shave and a good evening at a jolly *café* in a little village, and we got a lift in a cart first part of the way back. We were just coming to another little village, when a young woman came running with her hair streaming, and told us that the Germans were marching through from the other end, and we must hide. We all scattered, and Ted and I and two more hid behind a hedge facing the church, and he pointed to it and his finger shook. So did his voice—and, mind you, he had pluck.

"It's the one that was in the dream!" he whispered—"the second dream!"

"That's good luck, Cockey!" I says. "Second time you came out all right!"

Presently two companies of the enemy came along the road, just as Ted had dreamt, and when they were near us, a man fell behind to tie his shoelaces. He was a big, fair chap, and when he followed on I saw the scar that Ted had dreamt of.

When he was just opposite us, a little bird came and dropped on the hedge, exactly in front of Ted's "napper," and the big German raised his rifle and took aim at it, and I took aim at him very careful. If he had Ted, I meant to have him, whatever happened after. You see, I didn't care to go home and face May without her fellow, that I'd promised her to look after. But a German officer shouted something to the chap, and he lowered his rifle and went on without shooting, and they never noticed us, the hedge being fair thick. Ted looked at me, and I looked at him.

"Second time," he says, "old chap, and you haven't pipped him. When I'm done, you'll do your best for little May, won't you, old man?"

"The best I can do for you—and her—" I says, "is to mark the bounder down, and next time I'll do it, whether it's 'Hold your fire,' or give the game away, or anything else. Twice I've had him marked down and let him go, and if he had you after that—but it's all rot, and he won't—I'd never face May. God bless the little girl!"

"You've done the best you could do, doing your duty," he says, "and that you'll do, old man."

"And that I'll do, mate," I told him very solemn, and I made up my mind, next time I saw the bloke with the S-shaped scar, to get between him and old Ted, if I had time.

Well, I didn't.

It happened this way. We was holding an advance trench during the night in parties, and my turn and Ted's was at two o'clock: but I'd been out sniping a lot in the day with Lieutenant D'Arcy and Sergeant Smith and young Dickson—we were the four best shots—and we'd had an active time—four miles hard run at the finish. So the Captain said I could take a sleep till the morning.

"Thank you, sir," I told him, "but I'd rather go the turn with Harris. It was a queer thing his dreaming about that chap with the scar."

"Yes," he agreed, "yes. I've thought of it several times, Sergeant." (I'd just been promoted.) "But he's got the second time yet. Even if you take the dream for gospel—and, of course, you don't——"

"In course," I said, "I do; and so do you, sir."

Lor', he did use language! I was every sort of languaged fool under the sun, he said, and a fool on my own showing, for, even according to the dream, Harris would be all right while he had the second meeting with the scar-faced, languaged bounder to come. "Which," he said, "he has."

"No, sir," I denied. "He's had his second lucky."

And I told him about it, and how every thing was just according to the dream, and he pulled at his moustache.

"I'll send him down country to-morrow," he said; "and I shan't send him out to-night."

But when we looked round for poor old Ted, he'd gone. So I went, too, and so did the Captain. We often said after how we both had a feeling that something was going to happen that night.

There was an attack, and it came very sudden. It was darker than we knew—a sort of mist that didn't show—and they were on us in a second. I saw the bayonets first, making holes through the dark. They look awful big coming on you like that—lines of teeth and bayonets, and fire spitting at you, and your mates going down whack. 'Tain't beautiful, a night fight in a trench.

I dropped three chaps when they were only shapes and teeth and bayonets, but I found several bayonets coming my way, and then, looking across them, I saw the German Ted had dreamt about, aiming at him. So I took my chance with the bayonets, and aimed at him quick and sharp. We fired just together.

And he went down.

And old Ted went down.

And so did I.

The Captain came to see me in the morning as soon as I had my proper senses. I'd only got a few bayonet digs, and they mended in a week or two.

"Harris, sir?" I asked directly. "What about Harris?"

The Captain sat down on a biscuit-box. It was all the chair there was. He pulled his moustache and he stared at me; very unhappy he looked.

"You did your best, my dear chap," he said, gentle as a woman, "the best for his pal that a man can. I saw it all. You—you're a—good pal, Noakes, and you shot the brute: but it was the third time."

I cried like a child. I suppose I was weak through loss of blood. You see, I had a picture in my mind of little May crying, and she—she seemed a little girl to laugh.

"You might put it in a letter," I told him, "to show to his girl. I promised her I'd do my best for him."

"If she's any judge of a man," he said, "your word will be good enough for her, but I'll write the letter."

I inclosed it in mine, and she sent his back unopened. There are some things a man's going to remember to his dying day. That's one of mine.

Well, I got over the bayonet touches, and back to the fighting line, and months after I got this wound, and they sent me home here—for a minor operation, eh?

I was very near writing to May lots of times, but I didn't. I thought it might remind her too much of Ted, for one thing, and for another, I thought if you wanted a girl and she didn't want you, the best thing was to keep out of her way and try to forget—unless, of course, you could do anything for her. But I heard from friends at Portsmouth that she was doing all right, and a foreman in the yard courting her, with three times my pay.

I had her on my mind yesterday, thinking I'd have liked to see her before the minor operation, and blessed if she didn't walk in, and she tried to laugh; and blowed if she didn't cry!

"Old friend!" she says. "Dear friend!" and held my hands in hers!

Seems that she'd seen my name in the paper that morning, as entered here, and come straight over. Made out that I was a blooming hero, and all that sort of thing, till I had to talk straight to her.

"You always were a silly little monkey," I says, "and you've got worse!" Made her laugh, that did! "I didn't do anything in particular; only shot the chap that pipped *him*."

"Instead of shooting the men who were stabbing at *you*," she said. Lor', her eyes did sparkle! "*I* know. Some of the boys who've come back have told all the town!"

"Gassing idiots!" says I. She'd made me feel red and awkward. "It was the least a chap could do for his pal, anyway, and I'd promised you to look after him. If you knew, I expect you'd say it was my fault that Ted was done in, for I had two chances to shoot the chap before."

I told her about them, and about the dream, and how I had to do my duty first, and she said of course I did. I told her I'd been wondering whether I'd have a dream about the operation, and I'd like it to be about something afterwards, because then I'd know I was coming through, but the nurses wouldn't give me anything to dream on—only chicken broth and skilly.

"There's another way to get dreams," she told me. "Think of something very nice, something that you want to happen. Then you might dream of that!"

"I'll think of you!" I told her, laughing as if it was a joke.

She didn't take it that way, but very serious, and put her hand on my head—such a soft little hand.

"Yes," she told me. "Do!"

And before she went she bent down and kissed me.

"I shall pray for you all the time," she said, "and I shall come in the morning to ask about you, and may you dream the dream of your heart, and may it come true."

I thought and thought of her till I dozed off—I'd only just woke when you came this morning, doctor—and I dreamt a dream, and I know it'll come true. It was a dream of a wedding—me and her! You'll let her come in and see me to-morrow as soon as I'm sensible? You really will, doctor, won't you?"

STRING TRICKS

Horace Venton.

To thread the loop with the other end of the string, as found necessary in the "Fly on the Nose" trick, pass the end of the string between the ball of the finger and thumb, and it will enter the loop.

If you want to keep a [illegible] friend quiet for a little [illegible] give him a piece of string and invite him to try some of the tricks. He will find them so fascinating that he will have no time to pester you with questions and conundrums.

By Horace W. Venton.

Robinson, the [illegible] man of the party, took a piece of string and wound it round him over his left thumb.

"I'm going to make a loop in this," said, doing so, and holding it between his fingers and thumb. "Now I want you to tell me how I [illegible] this string, releasing the end to draw it through."

"It can't be done," said Jones.

"Oh, yes, it can," retorted Robinson.

"But you must let go [illegible] string to do that," said Jones.

"No, I don't," Robinson [illegible] he made some passes over the back of his hand, and when we looked again the loop was threaded. The applause was general.

Horace Venton.

For "A Fly on the Nose" trick, end the string so as to form a large ring, with a small ring inside it. Put the string to your lips at the junction of the coils, and hold the long loop in the left hand. Put the right first finger up through the large loop, and down into the small one, and twist it round until you can touch the tip of your nose. Then pull the string, which will come right away from the finger and produce a most comical effect.

"Tell us how it is done," we demanded.

"Well," the demonstrator replied, "it is very simple, really. All you have to do is to pull the string between the ball of the finger and thumb, and it will enter the loop. The passes I made were, of course, a blind."

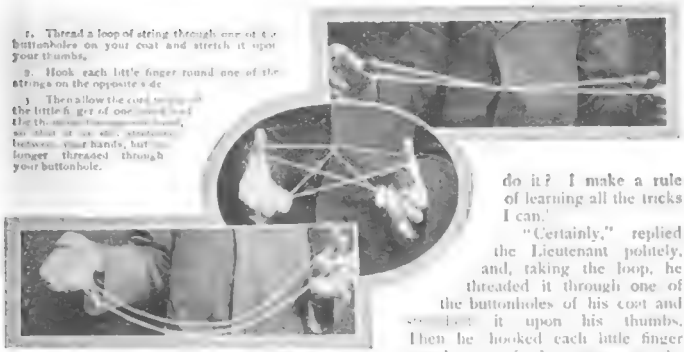
"Do you know any more tricks?" asked the vicar.

"One or two," said Robinson.

"This is a good one; it looks very complicated and extremely simple, but it is rarely that anyone does it at the first attempt."

He tied the ends of the strings together so as to form a ring. Then he coiled it so as to form a second, but much smaller, ring within the larger one.

"Now look here," he said. He put the string between his lips at the junction of the two coils, holding the long loop in his left hand. Then he put his right first finger up through the large loop and *down into* the smaller one and twisted it round until he touched the tip of his nose with it. Then


1. Thread a loop of string through one of the buttonholes on your coat and stretch it upon your thumbs.
2. Hook each little finger round one of the strings on the opposite side
3. Then allow the cord to slip off the little finger of one hand and the thumb of the opposite hand, so that it is stretched between your hands, but no longer threaded through your buttonhole.

do it? I make a rule of learning all the tricks I can.'

"Certainly," replied the Lieutenant politely, and, taking the loop, he threaded it through one of the buttonholes of his coat and [illegible] it upon his thumbs. Then he hooked each little finger round one of the strings on the opposite side, the right little finger thus pulling open the loop on the left-hand side of the buttonhole, and the left little finger pulling open the right-hand loop.

Next he made a sudden movement with his fingers, and the string, which was still stretched between his hands, seemed to have cut right through the buttonhole, for it was no longer threaded through it.

"The movement I made," observed Lieutenant Bobstay, "was to allow the cord to slip off the little finger of one hand and the thumb of the opposite hand. By doing this quickly and separating the hands so as to allow the cord to stretch the string tightly, the trick is very effective. At the end of the trick the string is, of course, stretched from the thumb of one hand to the little finger of the opposite hand, whereas, at the commencement of the trick, it was stretched between the thumbs, but this is seldom, if ever, noticed by the lookers-

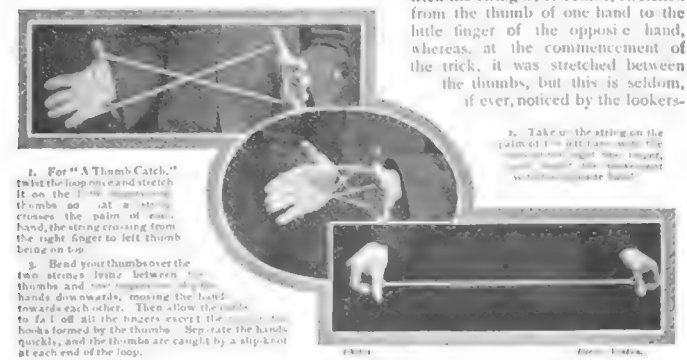
he pulled the string, which came right away from his finger. The action was so comical that there was a roar of laughter

"That trick is called 'A Fly on the Nose,'" he said.

Several of us, including Geraldine, tried to do it, but did not succeed. This was because, as Robinson explained to us afterwards, we had twisted our fingers the wrong way. The finger must, of course, be twisted in the direction which uncoils the rings.

"Do you know how to cut your buttonhole with a loop?" asked Lieutenant Bobstay, R.N.

"No," said our genial entertainer, giving the string to the gallant sailor. "Will you


1. For "A Thumb Catch," twist the loop once and stretch it on the [illegible] thumbs so that a string crosses the palm of each hand, the string crossing from the right finger to left thumb being on top
2. Take up the string on the palm of [illegible] with [illegible]
3. Bend your thumbs over the two strings lying between the thumbs and [illegible] hands downwards, moving the hands towards each other. Then allow the [illegible] to fall off all the fingers except the [illegible] hooks formed by the thumbs. Separate the hands quickly, and the thumbs are caught by a slip-knot at each end of the loop.

on. I once amazed a Vice-Admiral with this very trick."

Tricks being the order of the day, Angela's *fiancé* now spoke.

"I know a very good trick," he said; "it is called 'A Thumb Catch.' If you like I will show it to you."

"Perhaps he caught Angela with it!" whispered Geraldine, who is still unattached.

The *fiancé* took the string and twisted the loop once. Then he stretched it upon his little fingers and thumbs, so that a string crossed the palm of each hand, the string which crossed from his right little finger to his left thumb being on top.

"Now watch me carefully," he said. "You see I take up the string on the palm of my left hand with the back of my right first finger. Then I repeat the movement with the opposite hand, so as to form a kind of cat's cradle. Next I bend my thumbs over the two strings lying between my thumbs and first fingers, and dip my hands downwards so that my fingers point directly to the ground.

"Now I move my hands towards each other, so as to loosen the strings slightly, and allow the cords to fall off all my fingers with the exception of the two in the hooks formed by the thumbs. Now I separate my hands quickly, and my thumbs are caught by a slip-knot at each end of the loop."

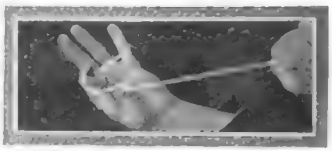


Photo Horace Foston

To break a piece of string twist it round your hand in the manner shown, so as to form a cross in the centre; give a quick jerk downwards, and the string will cut itself.

"I have often wondered," said old Mrs. Gubbins, Angela's mamma, "how grocers and other shopkeepers are able to break a piece of string so easily."

"That is simply done," answered Robinson in his gentlemanly way. "All you have to do is to twist the string round your hand, in this manner, so as to form a cross in the centre; then, by giving a quick jerk downwards, the string cuts itself."

The last trick was shown us by the vicar. He threaded the loop through a latchkey, and, asking me to hold out my thumbs, stretched the loop across, so that the key hung down in the centre.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you how to remove the key without taking the string off one of the thumbs."

He put his two first-fingers between the two strings on the left-hand side of the key, and pulled the lower string up with his right finger and the upper string down with his left. The loop upon his right finger he then placed on my right thumb from underneath, but the string upon his left he held. Then he took one of the cords on the other side of the key, and pulled it over so that he could place it around my right thumb. Releasing the loop held by his left finger he pulled the key, and it came away from the string.

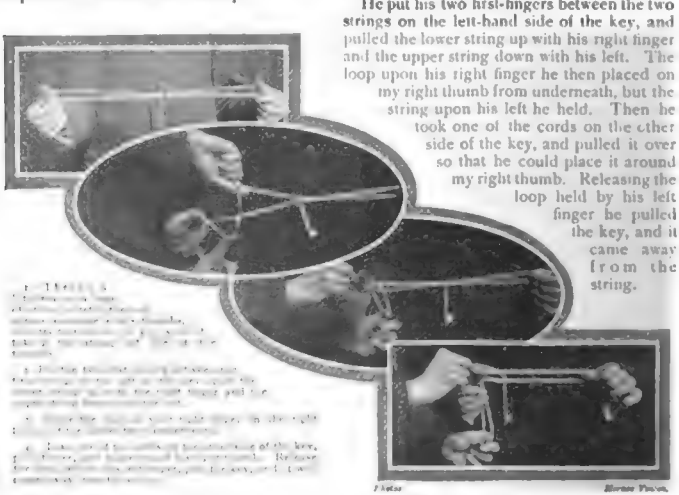


Photo Horace Foston

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HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

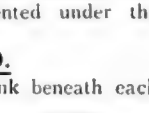
The first 108 pictures appeared in the "Royal Magazine" for July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, and March. Copies of all the numbers except July may be obtained through any newsagent for 3½d. each (December Number 6d.), or the eight numbers and a set of the July picture, will be sent post free for 3s. 6d. from the Publisher, "Royal Magazine," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

ON the following page you will find a set of twelve pictures representing the names of railway stations which have been selected by the Editor, and further sets of pictures will appear monthly in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE. These prizes are offered to the readers who discover the names of the railway stations represented under the conditions below.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Competitors are required to write clearly in ink beneath each picture the name of the station they believe it represents, fill in their names and addresses in the space provided, cut out the page, and keep it until further instructions appear in THE ROYAL MAGAZINE. The last set of Picture Puzzles will appear in the June Number of THE ROYAL, published on May 22nd, 1915, making 144 pictures in all.

EXAMPLE:



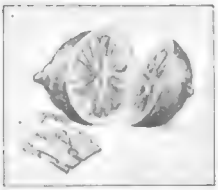
DART-MOUTH.

KEEP YOUR LISTS UNTIL THE DATE FOR SENDING IN IS ANNOUNCED.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

1. Write the name of each station clearly in ink. One name only is allowed under each picture.
2. No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake, cross out the word and write it afresh. When you have filled up your list cut it out and keep it till we tell you what to do with it.
3. Competitors may send in as many complete series of pictures as they please, but each complete series will be judged independently. Sets must be fastened together in the top left-hand corner.
4. The prize of £500 will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor receives a complete series of pictures with all the names correct of the actual stations as represented. If no competitor sends in a correct list the prize of £500 will go to the sender of the most nearly correct list. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided.
5. The Editor of the ROYAL will not be responsible for the loss or non-delivery of any attempt, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt or delivery.
6. No member of the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE may enter for this competition.
7. Only the names of railway stations found in Pearson's List of Railway Stations will be admitted. This list is obtainable for 1d. through any newsagent or bookstall, or it will be sent post free for three penny stamps by The Publisher, Room 24, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
8. Competitors must agree to abide by these conditions, and the Editor's decision is in every respect final.

ELEVENTH SET OF PICTURE PUZZLES (Nos. 109—120).



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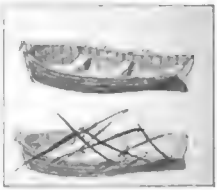

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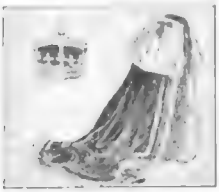

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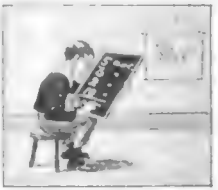

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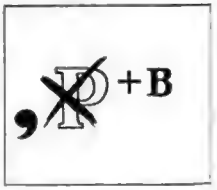

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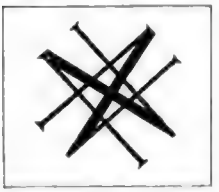

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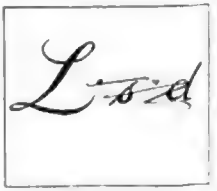

120. ... ...

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SALVAGE

A Story of the Merchant Service.

By Francis V. Smith.

"What sort of a relief do you call this?" demanded the second mate bitterly, as Jordan came on the bridge buttoning his oilskins. "Am I to stop here half the night while you finish your beauty sleep?"

"Oh, dry up!" said the first mate. "You owe me half-an-hour from yesterday, anyway. What's it like?"

"Rotten!" said Sharpe. "It's a fair perisher of a night, an' if it ain't goin' to get worse, call me a soldier. She's steerin' like a mud-barge, an' I'm dead sick of her. Take her over, Jordan, for the love of Mike—my moustache is froze to my oilskin, an' I ain't felt my feet for an hour. Where's our swine of a skipper?"

"In his bunk," said Jordan. "He's put the best part of a bottle inside him since I turned in at eight bells, an' now he's sleepin' like a hog. If I wasn't an even-tempered man, Sharpe, I could say things about the skipper that'd surprise you."

The *Amphion* was eight days out from Liverpool, and had made poor progress in the teeth of a smothering south-wester, which had been worse even than the general run of western ocean gales.

Misfortune had dogged her from the start, for she had scarcely dropped the Tuskar astern when a green sea came in over the bows and mixed the third mate up with a cargo-derrick. The mate was a tough customer, but the derrick proved the tougher of the two, and they had sent him ashore at Queenstown for repairs, and put to sea, after hunting vainly for a substitute.

Now the *Amphion* was 5,000 tons deadweight, and if her owners had not believed as they did in scientific management, she would have carried four mates, so it will be understood that Sharpe and Jordan had been grossly overworked ever since they had left soundings. That nothing might be lacking in the tale of their misfortunes, Brooks, their skipper, had attempted to solace himself in his own alcoholic way for the loss of the third mate, and had now been entirely incapable for four days.

Jordan had served her owners faithfully for ten years, hoping always for a command, and hoping vainly, for the firm had a lucrative habit of hiring discredited skippers at rock-bottom prices, and of such the supply seemed inexhaustible. But Jordan was a man who prided himself on his philosophy, and he worked through the arduous days without despair, though Mrs. Jordan in the tiny house at Liverpool was sometimes querulous as to the future.

At eight o'clock the gale was blowing harder than ever, and the wind came out of the ragged sky with a keen nip in it that promised more to come.

The *Amphion* pitched heavily, and at every plunge of her streaming bows the racing engines shook her from stem to stern. Below in the bowels of her, the sweating oilers shrank from the spinning gear, while Ellison, the third engineer, hung to the throttle, easing the engines every time they raced, and wondered how long she would stand the racket. And then, just as the ship pitched

nose under to a mountainous sea, she lurched to leeward and his foot slipped in a pool of oil.

"Listen to that!" cried Sharpe on the bridge, and Jordan started as the ship shook to the thunder of the unchecked engines. He guessed what was coming; her stern went down, and the engines slowed with a grunting cough as the whirling screw bit deep; there was a crack like a pistol-shot, a mad, thunderous clangour from below, and then silence, a long, nerve-racking silence that was worse than any noise.

"She's done it," gasped Jordan.

McDougall—chief engineer—appeared at the engine-room hatch wrapping an oily rag round a scalded wrist. He hoisted himself up to the bridge and delivered sentence.

"We're dune," he said. "Ellison's foot slipped an' he let go the throttle juist as she needed it most. The shaft's parted in the first section aft o' the thrust. 'Twas an old flaw—ye'll mind I put it in ma indent at oor last overhaul, but thae sons o' Jerusalem wadna listen. An' whaur's the skipper?"

"Drunk in his berth, the swine," said Sharpe savagely. "Let's come an' rout him out."

He made for the skipper's berth, wrath burning in his eye, but at the door he trod back heavily on Jordan's toes. Captain Curwen Hardy Brooks was lying on the floor, his head in contact with the iron-bound corner of a chest, and it needed no doctor to tell them that he would not move again.

They went back on deck in silence. Jordan was pale and his face was set, for his chance had come at last, and the *Amphion*, of all ships, was his first command.

They rigged a sea-anchor—no light task for a ship of such size in such a sea—and for two days the *Amphion* bucked and plunged at the end of a hawser while the whole engine-room staff worked night and day below, patching the broken shaft. Twice in that time they were spoken by ships, and the ill-fed crew turned longing eyes towards their would-be rescuers and the prospect of a tow, but Jordan met their entreaties with a face of granite, and twice he signalled a refusal and the ship steamed away.

In the evening of the second day McDougall reported all safe, and they raised steam with high hopes. The rough repair held nobly when the engines turned ahead again, and Jordan rang her up to half-speed with a sigh of relief.

"I believe she's goin' to stand up to it," he said hopefully.

"I'll believe it when we sight the Tuskar again," replied Sharpe. "That length of shaft is as rotten as punk, Mac says. We ain't goin' to get out o' this so easy—don't you think it."

And he was right, for next minute the *Amphion* repeated her favourite trick, butting twistways into a heavy sea, and heaving her screw out of the water. Crack went her shaft in the same place, and she fell off into the trough of the sea, and rolled most disgustingly. Then, since it had done its worst, the gale blew itself out, and night came down on a calming sea, with the *Amphion* a helpless log, half-way between Cape Clear and the Banks of Newfoundland.

"Any chance of patchin' her up again?" said Jordan to the worried McDougall.

"We'd need a new length o' shaftin'," said the engineer. "An' that, thanks to the economies o' Leiter, Leiter an' Moss, Leemited, we dinna carry. Ye must e'en stop here an' whustle for a tow."

Since she is the sport of all the winds that blow, a steamer with a broken shaft is rather more helpless than a motor-car without wheels. Jordan paced the bridge restlessly, grey of face and heavy-hearted that his one chance should be thus snatched from him. A skipper's billet would have meant prosperity for Mrs. Jordan and a future for the two small Jordans and the new little Jordan who was expected almost hourly when he sailed. And now all was gone beyond hope, for he knew that his owners, smarting under the sting of a heavy bill for towage, would certainly dismiss him when he landed, though theirs, and theirs only, was the blame for this accident.

"A light on the lee bow!" sang the look-out, and Jordan fired a signal-rocket that was answered from the west.

"She'll be up in two hours," said Sharpe, watching the light.

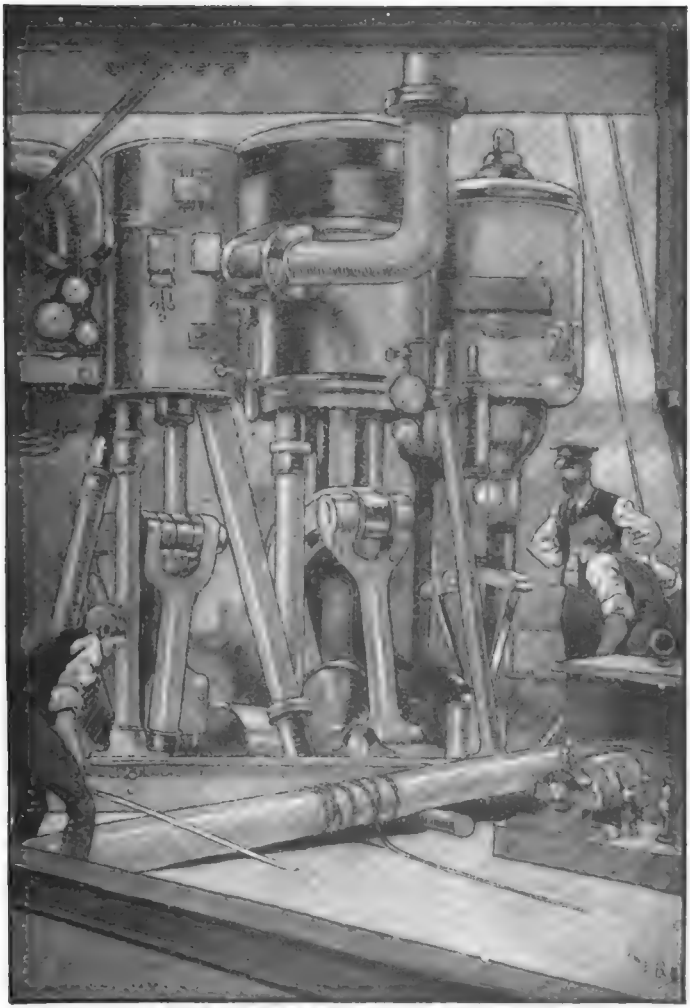
"There goes my chance of a command," sighed Jordan. "We'll all get the sack, like as not, for darin' to be towed in."

"Much I care," replied Sharpe. "It's rough luck for you, though."

"Light on the starboard quarter, sir!" came from the look-out.

"Crikey, here's another," cried Sharpe. "There'll be competition for the privilege of towin' us home."

They watched the brightening lights for



But the engineers toiled in the dim light of the shaft-tunnel, and by one huge section was clear, and prised the ponderous thing forward into the engine-room. [Page 653, col. 2.]

more than an hour while the ship rolled with sullen persistency. Then suddenly the lights dimmed, quivered, and vanished, and a moment later decks, derricks, and the moonlit sea had disappeared from view, and only the glow of the binnacle-light remained. All else was wrapped in the clammy folds of an Atlantic fog.

"Hang!" exclaimed Sharpe viciously. "They'll never find us in this, not if they hunt for a week."

He grabbed the whistle-lanyard, and the *Amphion* hooted a melancholy warning, which was twice answered. Then the fog—which transmits sound only at its pleasure—shut them off from all communications, and they heard no more for nearly an hour, when suddenly the fog was rent by a piercing roar from near at hand.

"She's right on top of us!" yelled Jordan, jumping to the rail and screaming into vacancy.

"*Hoo-o-o-o-o-woor*," came a threatening howl from the opposite quarter.

"That's the other!" roared Sharpe, hanging to the whistle-lanyard, while the crew rushed from their quarters in a panic and scrambled for the boats.

Now, by all the laws of the sea, those two ships, steering for the same point in a thick fog, should have missed their mark by miles. But in a fog at sea nothing ever happens according to programme. The *Amphion's* men saw only the fog, but they heard the clatter of reversed engines storming past close astern; there were shouts and much futile hooting of sirens, and then a long, grating crash that was eloquent of disaster.

"By the Great Horn Spoon, they've done it!" said Sharpe, dropping the whistle-cord, and all on board stood still for one agonising second and awaited developments. There was shouting enough for a political meeting, and both ships were blowing off steam, but the fog was as thick as a blanket, and the sounds that reached the *Amphion* might have come from any quarter of the compass. And in a few minutes the fog shut down thicker than ever and they heard no more.

"They've both gone down with all hands," said the pessimistic Sharpe an hour later, stamping his chilled feet on the bridge. He had been rowing about with an unwilling boat's crew in vain search of survivors. "I thought we'd never find the ship again—'twas like rowin' through cotton-wool."

"Worse than ever!" said Jordan next morning, groping his way to the bridge. Standing at the binnacle he could not see the bridge-rail before him.

Out of the fog to starboard came, faintly at first, then clearer, the unmistakable sound of a ship's bell. It was not the sharp, double stroke that announces the hours at sea, but a slow, steady, continuous tolling, unspeakably mournful in its monotony.

"Another bally ship on top of us!" snapped Sharpe, but no whistle answered the *Amphion's* bellow; only the bell tolled mournfully on.

"This is queer," said Sharpe, when he had shouted himself hoarse. "Even if she was a windjammer she'd have a hand foghorn. What silly blighter's ringin' the bell that fool way? This is mighty queer!"

Down on the fore-deck the watch had already come to that conclusion, and being superstitious, after the manner of sailormen, they inclined to the belief of the bo'sun, who had a riotous imagination.

"'Tis the ghosts of the ships as sunk last night," said the bo'sun, who was a Welshman, with a shake of his head. "That bell iss rung by no mortal hand, whatefer. I think we shall nefer see land again." And the crowd shivered as that ghostly tolling came out of the fog.

"Oh, stop that Welsh swab croakin', Sharpe," said Jordan. "Take a boat an' see if you can find anything. Maybe that bell's just floatin' on a bit of wreck, an' some poor chap's clingin' to it."

Sharpe hailed the crowd on the invisible fore-deck, but none would stir a foot to the boats; they were under the spell of the boatswain's uncanny imaginings.

Finally the dinghy was lowered with Sharpe at the tiller, and the two junior engineers at the oars, and the fog swallowed them before they hit the water, while both watches leant on the rail and shivered at the ceaseless tolling of the bell.

"Give 'em a toot of the whistle every minute or so, you Jennings," said Jordan, appearing suddenly among them, "an' if I hear you handin' out any more of that ghost-talk I'll handle you so you'll speak sideways for a month."

After a time the mysterious bell stopped tolling, but the boat was gone so long that Jordan feared that they had lost the ship in the fog, which Jennings was industriously splitting each minute with a raucous howl from the siren. But the fog was thinning now, and at last the dinghy emerged from it and ground against the foot of the ladder.

"Gimme a line," roared Sharpe, dancing with excitement in the swaying boat. "You, Jordan, throw me a line for the love of Mike.

Oh, Jordan, you cross-eyed son of a dog, gimme a line or I'll kill you!"

"What do you want with a line?" said Jordan from the bridge. "Your language is low, Sharpe, an' if I wasn't an even-tempered man I'd give myself the pleasure of comin' down an' bashin' your head. What have you found out there?"

"Gimme a line, you swab," reiterated Sharpe in a bull's bellow of a voice. "Oh! you fat-witted blighter, the log-line—anythin'. Make it fast to the rail."

The mystified and angry Jordan fastened one end of a log-line to the rail, and hove the coil to Sharpe. The two engineers dug out as if they had been rowing in a race, and the dinghy shot into the fog, with the line paying out astern of her. The *Amphion's* crew waited, breathless and goggle-eyed from curiosity, for half-an-hour, and then a faint hail came out of the thinning fog.

"Jordan ahoy! Haul in that line, easy."

Jordan hauled cautiously, and the line came in dripping. It pulled heavily, and soon he began to sweat. Also he began faintly to understand.

"Take it for'ard, two of you, an' haul in easy," he commanded.

A two-inch rope was bent to the log-line, and presently that gave place to a thicker rope which came so heavily that the perspiring watch led it to the capstan and sweated it in foot by foot. After a time the dripping end of a nine-inch hawser poked in over the bows.

"Crikey!" said the watch. "'Ave we 'itched on to the *Mauretania?*"

"Jordan, ahoy!" came from the fog. "Have you got the hawser?"

"Right!" sang out Jordan. "But where did you get it from, an' what are you doin' out there?"

"Make it fast an' stand by," cried Sharpe. They did so and waited, yelping with curiosity, until the dinghy bobbed out of the fog again.

"What's at the end of that hawser, Sharpe?" yelled Jordan, and the bursting crew hung breathless over the side.

"Fog's liftin'," said Sharpe from the dinghy. "You'll see in half-a-minute." And sure enough, the last of the fog rolled away, giving to their view first the wet hawser sagging down into the sea, then its long uprising curve, and lastly, a big steamer tacked on to it, low in the water and rolling sluggishly, but obviously bigger than the *Amphion*.

"What in thunder——?" began Jordan, but words failed him.

"She might have been a fat salvage job for us," said Sharpe, climbing to the bridge, "but we can't do nothin' with a cracked shaft, so the next boat that comes along will get her, but we'll have our share of the pickin's—oh, yes, I think we will. She's the *Coimbra*, of Camper an' Hall's line. Barrin' a hole in her side that you could drive a motor-bus through, she ain't took a pennorth of harm. The other ship must ha' carried off the crew without our hearin'."

"Who rang that bell?" inquired Jordan.

"It must ha' been bashed by somethin' fallin' from aloft. Anyway, it was all o' one side, so the clapper hit every time she rolled. Plucky fine ghost to scare a whole crew! Come along an' have a look at her."

They descended to the dinghy and went aboard their prize. Jordan was sad and gloomy as they walked her decks on a tour of exploration. The chance of a lifetime, the chance for which every skipper prays throughout his seafaring life—the salving of a big ship—had come to him, and his ship was helpless with a broken shaft. It was bitter hard luck, and he digested it in silence.

"It beats me that she didn't sink," he said at last, eyeing the huge, ragged rent in the steamer's port side. The colliding ship had smashed into the *Coimbra's* boiler-room, and the water washed about among the boiler-seatings with a most mournful sound.

"That's our luck," said Sharpe. "They screwed the stokehold doors down tight before they skipped, an' she ain't takin' a drop of water now. If a bulkhead goes, though, she'll be scarin' the fishes in half-a-minute. We must plug that hole good an' tight before it comes on to blow."

"They didn't lose much time clearin' out of her," said Jordan, exploring the skipper's berth. "Hullo, here's a copy of her manifest, though—they must have been pretty well scared to leave that!"

Sharpe took the paper and read it quickly, then turned suddenly on the first mate.

"Jordan," he said meaningly, "what are we goin' to do about this?"

"What can we do, with a broken shaft?" said Jordan bitterly.

Sharpe stared through the port at the *Amphion* rolling at the end of the sagging hawser. His face reddened suddenly with the guilty flush of a man who is ashamed of his own thoughts.

"Jordan, she's 6,000 tons deadweight, an' nearly new. Man, look at this manifest! D'you know what she's carrying? Copper,

man, copper, an' tin from the lakes, an' all manner of mixed American cargo, too—motor-cars and machine-tools an' typewriters an' such. D'you know what copper's worth in the open market now? Seventy pound a ton, an' tin two hundred an' over."

His voice rose to a shout.

"There's half a million an' more under our feet, Jordan. Just think o' salvage on half a million, hull an' cargo!"

"I'm thinkin'," said Jordan dully. "'Tis all we can do, I reckon."

"Just think again, Jordan," said Sharpe. "We could patch up the hole in this craft easy, an' like as not she ain't took a mite of harm anywhere else. We'd get her home in a week. An' as for the old *Amphion*—ain't ships never sunk in the Western Ocean before, ships that was a long sight better found than ever she was?"

Jordan winced and threw himself down on the bunk with his head in his hands.

"Oh, it's dirty work, Jordan, an' it's barratry an' the rottenest thing a man can do, but there's a fortune for both of us goin' beggin', an' what do we owe to Leiter an' Moss, who've fed us like swine an' driven us like dogs for years? They'd get their insurance, anyway, an' we——"

"If we could use her to tow the *Amphion*," suggested Jordan, hoping against his own judgment.

"Can't be done," said Sharpe. "We could never patch that hole good enough to stand the racket of towin' another ship." And Jordan knew that he was right. Everything seemed in conspiracy to drive him to do the thing that he loathed.

"But it's easy work openin' a sea-cock," added Sharpe, flushing.

Jordan sprang up with a set face and determined eyes, stung to manhood by the last suggestion.

"Sharpe, if you're a man and a sailor, you'll think no more of it. I won't do it, an' that's flat."

"You're in command, an' you've got the say-so," said Sharpe, "but I think you'll regret it, Jordan."

The arrival of McDougall, who had come over to examine their prize, put an end to their talk for that time, but Jordan was fiercely tempted. He sat on the edge of the skipper's bunk, turning over the problem in his mind.

"Mac, isn't there any way of patching up the *Amphion's* shaft?" he asked at last. But McDougall shook his grey head.

"If we carried a spare length of shafting now, I'd tell ye a defferent tale, but we dinna Man, Jordan, I ken there's a fortune here waitin' for a tow, but it's not within the power o' livin' man to repair that shaft outside a dockyard."

"If we carried a spare length of shaft," mused Jordan, as a new idea began nebulously to form in his brain. Then he sprang up with a shout.

"Mac, what's the size of the *Amphion's* screw-shaft?"

"Thirteen inch," said the wondering McDougall.

"Come with me to the engine-room," snapped Jordan, and the two men disappeared, leaving Sharpe alone.

"Jordan's goin' dotty with the strain of it," muttered the second mate, as he followed them slowly. "What's he up to now?"

They were not in the engine-room, but the sound of voices and the glow of a flare-lamp came from the shaft-tunnel, and there he found them bending over the silent screw-shaft with a foot-rule.

"I think it could be done," said Jordan, but the engineer shook his head.

"What could be done?" asked Sharpe. Jordan turned on him swiftly, with a new light in his eyes.

"Take a length of shaft out of here, an' clap it in the *Amphion*," he cried in a voice like a trumpet. "Then tow this ship home."

"It's a big order," said the engineer slowly. "D'ye ken what like a length o' shaftin' weighs?"

"I don't care a curse what it weighs," said Jordan. "If you had the shaft aboard the *Amphion*, could you do it?"

"I'll no say for certain," said McDougall. "But this I'll say—this thing has ne'er been done in a' history."

"Then we'll make history," said Jordan grimly, as he led the way to the charthouse.

"It's a great idea," agreed Sharpe, when he had heard all the plan. "By gum! though, we'll have to sweat. Thank the Lord that coal was cheap at Cardiff, an' we coaled for the double trip."

"I'm thinkin' the job's too big, Jordan," said McDougall. "Yon shaft's half-an-inch thicker than the *Amphion's*, an' a clear four inches longer in each section. Forbye we'd ne'er get it across betwixt the twa ships."

But Jordan had already decided on his course of action.

"You can put a handle to my name when you speak to me, Mr. McDougall," he said. "I'm skipper here now, an' I'll believe the

[" SALVAGE" *continued overleaf.*]

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job's impossible when you've proved it so. An' you won't prove it by standin' here an' jawin'. You can just take all the men you want an' get to movin' that shaft."

This put the old man on his dignity, and for a moment he looked rebellious, but Jordan, big, lean, and savage, was clearly in no mood for argument, and McDougall gave in with the best grace he could muster.

Alone in the charthouse, the two mates eyed each other keenly, each taking in the other's points, for they knew what was before them. Jordan, tall, spare and muscular, was a bad man to meet in a row, for all his boasted good temper, and Sharpe, though shorter, was built on bull-dog lines, broad-shouldered, heavy-jawed, and as sturdy as the capstan. From Liverpool to the Golden Gate, no two men were more competent to handle an unwilling crew.

"It'll be a joyful job," said Sharpe, after a long silence. "But it's a real bright idea, Jordan, an' I congratulate you on it."

"It's the square thing, Sharpe," said Jordan. "If we'd done what you suggested, an' sunk the old *Amphion*, we'd have wanted to jump overboard when we got home without her."

"Well, I'm with you, old boss, if it takes a year," said Sharpe. "I hope you're feelin' fit, Jordan, for it occurs to me that the crew'll need some drivin'."

"They'll get it," said Jordan grimly, and the two men descended to the dinghy.

The *Amphion's* crew had settled themselves to a life of tolerable—if hungry—ease until some ship should tow them home, but their illusions were rudely dispelled. The bo'sun received with incredulity Sharpe's brief outline of the work ahead of them, and lost no time in imparting his views to the watch.

They were appointing a deputation to go aft with a protest, when Sharpe fell upon them with tongue and toe, and set an amazed and smarting boat's crew to carrying a second hawser to the *Coimbra*. Then most of the crew were transferred to that ship, and the work began in earnest.

"Oblige me by lookin' a little more cheerful, Mr. McDougall," said Jordan, finding the engineer engaged in a gloomy survey of the damage. "That hole don't go far below the water-line, an' we'll patch it up right now, before it comes on to blow."

But first they had to shift cargo until the ship had a sufficient list to bring the bottom of the ragged hole out of water, and for three tremuous days they toiled in the dark holds, until the *Coimbra* lay far over to starboard, with her port rail cocked foolishly in the air. They tore up the planking of the bridge deck for material, and stopped the hole with a noble breastwork of timber, shoring it stoutly from within against all the chances of the sea. Three more toilsome days of cargo-shifting brought the ship to an even keel again, and they fired up the donkey-boiler—luckily it was above water—and pumped her dry.

"Five o' her furnaces are cracked at the crown," announced McDougall, returning from an exploration of the wet boiler-room. "I had a sinfu' thocht that we micht leave the auld *Amphion* an' tak this craft hame under her ain steam"—the two mates exchanged a guilty glance—"but she canna steam wi' cracked furnaces. We must e'en gang ahead wi' the wark, forbye it's a sair heavy contract for a man o' my years."

Now the worst of the work lay before them. A ship's propeller-shaft is made up of long sections of steel shafting bolted together. The *Coimbra's* sections were some twenty feet long, and each of them weighed over five tons—no light matter to handle when a ship is rolling in a seaway. But the engineers toiled in the dim light of the shaft-tunnel until one huge section was clear, and prised the ponderous thing forward into the engine-room, where it lay beside the cold engines, while they removed the engine-room skylight and rigged tackles and timber guides for the fearsome work of lifting. That occupied the whole crew for one dreadful day, and they were sick and spent when finally they swung the great shaft clear and eased it down on the swaying deck.

"An' how wull we get it to the *Amphion?*" inquired old McDougall, wiping his streaming face.

"There's a matter o' two hundred steel barrels in Number Three hold," said the resourceful Jordan. "You won't find better buoys between this and the Mersey." And in another day they had lashed the shaft between two derrick-booms filched from the foremast, buoying the whole with barrels, until McDougall, figuring in a notebook with a stump of pencil, announced that there were enough to bear the weight.

Two hands were set to stoke the donkey-boiler, until it belched flame and cinders at the sky, and two groaning cargo-derricks lifted the load from the deck and swung it outward, where it swayed drunkenly with the rolling of the ship, though the whole crew fought at the tackles which they had rigged to steady it.

Macrae and Ellison at the derricks lowered away cautiously, and for a moment it seemed that all would go well. Then a windlass-brake squealed shrilly and slipped; the load ran down and stopped with a jerk, and the tackles parted with a splitting crack, followed by a sullen plunge alongside. Then the crew was staring overside at a dozen steel barrels bobbing in the water, and the shaft was on its way to the bottom of the Atlantic.

Jordan swallowed hard and said no word, but the bo'sun sat down on the deck and wept loudly, and Sharpe, swearing, smote him heavily to relieve his feelings.

"We're dune," said McDougall dismally. "We'll e'en bide here till the next boat happens along."

Jordan turned on him like a tiger.

"We'll stop here just so long as it takes you to get another length of shaft on deck, Mr. McDougall, so you can call your men together and start."

There was an ugly growl from the crew; they had no stomach for further work, and were strung to the pitch of mutiny. Jordan ducked as a hammer sung over his head, and picked a heavy spanner from the deck as the crew rushed in a body. It was a very pretty scuffle for a minute or two, but Sharpe and the engineers had armed themselves after Jordan's example: they had the weight of discipline behind them, and soon they were driving the crew forward like sheep, leaving six insensible on the deck. The officers rounded them up on the fore-deck, a cowed and sullen crowd, without an ounce of fight left in any of them.

"If anyone's lookin' for trouble he knows where to find it," said Jordan crisply. "I command here, and if any of you dogs think otherwise he can step out an' get it over right now."

He waited, glaring, but not a man of them dared to speak. The brief mutiny was over, and with a few swift orders he set them to the work again. Sullenly obedient, they followed the engineers below, while Sharpe and Jordan sat down to a solitary meal in the cabin.

"If I wasn't an even-tempered man," said Jordan with a sigh, "I could say a few real consolin' things about our luck. Fancy losin' that shaft overside, all along of a lick of oil on a beastly windlass-brake."

"Better luck next time, if it don't come on to blow," said Sharpe, with his mouth full of salt pork. "This *Coimbra's* stores ain't so worse. I ain't had such a meal since we sailed. But I don't mind admitting, Jordan, that you know how to drive a crew. That crowd ain't got a kick left in 'em, not if you was to set 'em to breakin' stones."

"I never let a crew get away from me yet," said Jordan modestly, "an' I don't propose to begin now. But I'll be mighty glad when it's all over."

The whole ship's company was strongly of that opinion. They had all the arduous work of hoisting out the shaft to do again, and the ship was rolling worse than ever, so that the workers were in constant danger. Two men were carried forward with broken limbs, and none escaped without minor injuries, but at last the second section of shafting lay beside the engine-room hatch, and Jordan gave them a day's rest while the engineers were fixing in position a cargo-derrick which they had dragged with infinite labour from the fore-deck.

Then it came on to blow heavily from the south-west, and for three days they fought, breathing between the seas, to keep that five-ton shaft-section from taking charge and following its brother overboard. But the weather gave them peace at last, and with the aid of the three derricks they lowered overside the burden that had cost them so much labour, and towed it to the *Amphion*.

A worse trouble faced them now. The *Amphion's* derricks were old and crazy, and refused to lift the heavy raft from the sea. Plunging in the heavy swell, left by the gale, it threatened every moment to roll in and damage the ship's plates, while the straining derricks above were on the point of collapse. Finally the raft was towed aft and left at the end of a hawser for two days until the swell went down, and the crew, spent, aching, and rebellious, lay in the fo'c'sle and hatched a new mutiny, which flamed out when a racing Cunarder spoke them, and Jordan refused assistance. This time the fight was longer, but it ended when Sharpe dived below and reappeared with revolvers, and again the work went on.

The swell went down at last, and they rigged new tackles over the stern, and with blows and curses the officers drove the outworn men to the racking work of lifting the raft to the deck. Somehow it was done, and they dragged that soulless five tons of steel to the engine-room hatch, and when it was secured they dropped where they stood, and slept on the wet decks for half a day. Then bad weather threatened again, and so the weary officers kicked and pummelled the crew to consciousness, and set them to the work of lowering the shaft into the engine-room.

["SALVAGE" continued overleaf.]

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That cost them two days' toil and the life of a man, and when it was done they could not rest, for Sharpe signalled from the *Coimbra* that the wooden breastwork was leaking, and the whole crew was transhipped again in haste to this new task.

It was on the sixteenth day of their labour that they began the work of repairing the *Amphion*. The shaft that they had taken from the other ship was half-an-inch thicker than their own, and four inches too long. Now, since a ship's shaft has two great flanges at the ends of each length to hold the bolts, this meant that two great slices of steel, each two inches thick and two feet across, must be hacked off the shaft with hammer and chisel, and the bare thought of this work appalled them. Also, because the *Amphion's* tunnel-bearings would not fit the new shaft, the larger bearings of the *Coimbra* must be ferried across, and reduced by sheer labour until they would fit the *Amphion's* pedestals.

So the hammers swung day and night, and when the engine-room staff could work no longer Jordan, thanking his Maker that he had "passed in steam" in his younger days, stepped over the prostrate bodies of the engineers, and drilled wearied deck-hands in the proper handling of hammer and chisel. They had lost all count of time, and even the chronometers had been allowed to run down, but it was on the twenty-third day that the nut of the last bolt was tightened in place, and McDougall fell on his knees on the upper grating of the engine-room, and prayed aloud when Macrae said the work was done.

They raised steam in the nick of time, for the *Coimbra* had drifted close and was almost on top of them. There were strange sounds when the engines turned slowly ahead, and they could not be said to run sweetly, but still, as Macrae said, they ran, and that was as much as they could expect under circumstances unprecedented at sea. So the hawsers surged and tightened, and the *Coimbra* came round sullenly in the wake of her consort, and the long tow commenced.

The *Amphion's* officers remember little of that tow except the consuming desire for sleep that racked them unceasingly. The wearied crew, both on deck and below, needed constant driving, and Ellison, promoted to acting first-mate, stood watch after weary watch with Jordan, who never seemed to sleep. Sharpe was aboard their prize with twelve men, and he alone knows what he endured in those endless days of towing. His men were so desperately weary that they were ready to murder him as he slept, so that in ten days he did not sleep as many hours. The wooden breastwork leaked incessantly, and the donkey-pumps were never still; there was no steam to spare for the steering-engine so they steered her by hand, and for two days of bad weather the following sea kept four men at the wheel.

A week of this work took them within a hundred miles of Cape Clear, and then a hawser parted, and they spent a day in a furious sea trying to pass a spare hawser, and when this was done the boat's crew fell asleep before they had reached the deck. Then they ran short of oil, for the roughly-fitted shaft-bearings needed oil by the gallon and bucket, heating as they did on the least provocation. So they stopped again, and Jordan risked his life with a boat's crew to bring more oil from the *Coimbra*.

But the seas which had troubled them calmed at last, and the *Amphion* crept slowly homeward, with her prize towing sullenly astern, nine thousand tons of hull and cargo. The weather had left its mark on them: the *Amphion* had no boat left but her crazy dinghy, and two of her ventilators were buckled like concertinas, while the *Coimbra* lacked twenty feet of her port rail, and her deck-fittings were a sorry sight. But neither vessel had taken serious harm. At dawn, on the tenth day of their towing, Jordan, bent, haggard, and unkempt, with a thirty-days' beard, caught sight of the Lizard from the upper deck, and greeted it with something like a sob of thankfulness.

The last of their coal took them into Falmouth, and as soon as the *Amphion's* anchor had hit the mud Jordan slid to the floor of the chart-house and went to sleep. On the *Coimbra* Sharpe let go the anchor himself—his men had gone to sleep as soon as they had made the harbour—and coiled down happily against a bollard. When the astonished harbour-master came aboard he found the entire crew of both ships sleeping peacefully in various and abandoned attitudes.

"What's the best hotel in Falmouth?" asked Jordan sleepily when the harbour-master woke him.

"Hotel be jiggered!" said that official. "Where's your papers?"

"Find out," said Jordan rising. "I'm goin' ashore for the finest an' most expensive drunk that this measly town can provide."

"Thirty per cent. on half a million," said Sharpe, dreamily—he had come aboard with the harbour-master. "I'm on, Jordan—an' I guess we can afford it!"

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Comely Chat over the Tea and Shrimps.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

You have all read, and are reading, with deep interest the fine series Mr. Louis Tracy is contributing to the ROYAL. I believe I have hinted more than once that, living as he does on the East Coast—as a matter of fact he was shelled by the German baby-killers—there is more than a grain or two of truth disguised as fiction in his stories. Here is an interesting sequel to one of them:

A reader in the north of England has written to me *à propos* of these stories. He quotes a letter from a friend living in one of the Eastern counties, not far from the coast, in which the following passage occurs:

> By the way, I think I said in a previous letter there was a motor trap outside the town recently? Well, it got what it was looking for—a car with wireless apparatus and telescopic mast. A friend of my eldest girl was present at the capture—four men. I hope the place thereof will know them no more.

So we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that Messrs. Robert Lincoln Faber and Charles François Furneaux have their counterparts in real life, and that the authorities are not sleeping, or if indeed they have that appearance they do but enjoy a dog sleep, with one eye open—appropriate enough to the dog's life they must be leading at present.

TO ALL SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

I am sure all Service men will appreciate the fine picture of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty on the cover. And there is further joy in store for you.

I am going to give you a page in the ROYAL all to yourselves. I am sure you will be interested, so please look out for it very carefully. It will make its bow in the *May* ROYAL, out on April 20th.

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In fact, *do* start now, if you haven't already. I want so much to see your smiling face when the prize comes sliding through your letter-box.

And that is all to-day, except a big kiss from your Aunt ——. Tcha! I am forgetting myself. To obtain that you must turn to my bright little contemporary, *Home Notes*.

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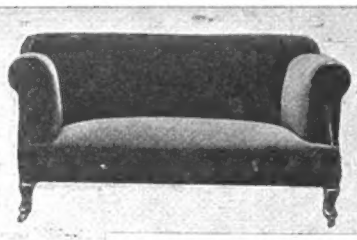

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Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets.

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods.

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the keynote is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home, or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and, with your permission, I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

Home-made Hair Tonic.

My acquaintances say that a good stimulant to the natural growth of the hair is a very simple, effective, and safe stimulating lotion is made up by mixing one ounce of boranium with ½ pint of bay rum. This may be applied to the hair roots occasionally with the finger tips with good results.

Complexion Renewals.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal, healthy complexion is constantly renewing itself by dropping off in tiny flakes of worn-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure, or some of many causes, the complexion becomes dull and ugly. The rational treatment recommended is to help the skin perform its natural functions of "shedding" worn-out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercolized wax, used for a few nights, just as you would use a face cream. It is claimed that it possesses a special affinity for the effete scarf-skin, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.

Miss GLADYS COOPER.
Photo [*Weather & Bull.*

Removing Superfluous Hair.

I have been told of some most remarkable experiments in removing superfluous hair, roots and all, with what is said to be a perfectly harmless substance known as phelactine. It is claimed for this preparation that it is not a depilatory, and therefore does not burn or injure the skin. With a candle flame it is first melted to a syrup-like consistency and, while still warm, is smeared on the skin over the superfluous hair. Although it is removed almost immediately the effect is supposed to paralyse and loosen the hair roots, for when it is removed the hair should come right off with it and the roots themselves. I am told that in many cases the growth never reappears, and that even if it does so it returns only after a very long time and in so much weaker form that it is easy to cope with by means of a repeated application of phelactine. I understand that the method is becoming so well known that many chemists are now supplying phelactine in specially prepared packages containing full instructions for home use.

Is Powder Necessary?

A great many women object to using powder, for various reasons. The following formula is a good one: Dissolve an ounce of cleminite in four tablespoonfuls of water, or witch-hazel, and use it as a face lotion, smoothing the skin with the fingers until it is dry. This method is perfectly harmless. I am told that a really beautiful, natural, velvety bloom results, and remains for many hours quite unaffected by the most trying conditions out of doors or in the ballroom or theatre, and that it gives a much more natural appearance to some skins than does ordinary powder.

The Curling Iron

Don't use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curls wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant and neither sticky nor greasy.

How to Shampoo.

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use stallax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a stallax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. But I am told if you will apply olive oil freely to your hair and scalp just before shampooing with stallax, the result is most delightful. The hair will be left clean, soft, bright, and wavy, the olive oil having properly balanced the action of this wonderful hair cleanser.

Gladys Cooper

NOTE.—This interesting article on beauty culture in general was written by Miss Gladys Cooper, at the request of the manufacturers of Pilenta Soap—the best complexion soap in the world. On sale at all chemists.—[ADVT.]

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